THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

For JULY, 1803.

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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-plates:

1 The Widow.
2 For the Moral Zoologist—The DOMESTIC COCK.
3 An elegantly-coloured PARIS DRESS.
4 A new and elegant Pattern for a Veil, or Handkerchief, &c.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The verſes entitled *Clementina* are not intended for inſertion: ſome of the lines at the beginning are good; but, on the whole, they are extravagant and almoſt unintelligible.

The *Evening Walk*, and the *Acroſtic*, by *Alonzo*, are very incorrect.

Laura's poetical communication is likewiſe too defective for inſertion.

The Eſſay by J. L. ſhall have a place.

The Fop of 1803—J. T's Extempore—Maria's Tomb—Elegy by F— Abſence; a rhapſody—The Waterfall—R. N's Enigma—are received and under conſideration.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.

The Widow.

THE

LADY's MAGAZINE,

For JULY, 1803.

THE WIDOW;

A TALE.

(With an elegant Engraving.)

"OH, my child! forfaken by our friends, deferted by the world, and plunged in poverty, what remains for us but death? There, by the grave of thy beloved father, where I have laid thee, lovely innocent, could I fee thee breathe thy laft, without a pang, and almoft with joy, when I reflect on the hardfhips, the miferies, to which we muft inevitably be expofed in our forlorn and unprotected ftate. Not long fince, in the midft of affluence and even luxury, I fufpected not what evils fate had in ftore for us; but fancy pictured the brighteft fcenes of golden futurity. Oh how fallacious are the hopes of mortals—how treacherous is their fecurity! Suddenly burft the unexpected ftorm; all the illufive profpect vanifhed, and the dark gulph of poverty and wretchednefs yawned beneath our feet. We fank; who fhall fave?"

Thus lamented an unhappy widow, at the grave of her hufband. She had laid down her child to give a loofe to her grief: the placid infant flept unconfcious of his mother's woes. Tears at length relieved her oppreffed heart, and grief for a moment gave way to the delicious feelings of maternal affection. She raifed her child, clafped him in her fond embrace, with a thoufand tender careffes, and rofe to go away.

As fhe turned, fhe faw a gentleman at a little diftance behind her, who, fhe fuppofed, and rightly, had overheard all her foliloquy.

She ftarted, and was retiring with a more precipitate ftep, when the ftranger thus addreffed her:

'Madam, I have overheard fome of your paffionate exclamations. I could wifh, though nothing is farther, I hope, from my difpofition than to be guilty of any intrufive impertinence, to be made acquainted with your misfortunes and prefent fituation; for without a knowledge of the complaint it is not poffible to apply a remedy. Providence has bountifully beftowed on me the means of relieving, in fome degree at leaft, the wants of my fellow-creatures; and I truft alfo the inclination to afford fuch relief, as far as may be in my power.'

'Sir,' anfwered fhe, 'I know not why I fhould hefitate to relate my ftory to you. Indeed, after what you have heard, it would be affectation and folly to refufe. Perhaps, if you refide near this fpot, you will know it all as foon as I mention the name of my late hufband, Mr. Betterton. He was the proprietor of a large, and apparently flourifhing, manufactory, at the diftance of nearly a mile from this place.

'About two months fince, he was

feized with a fever, which carried him off in three days. His commercial affairs were found embarraffed, fince, being a man of active and enterprifing induftry, and highly refpected for faithfulnefs and punctuality in his dealings, he had obtained almoft unlimited credit, though the real capital he poffeffed to fupport it was but fmall in proportion to the extenfive trade in which he engaged. Had he lived, there is little doubt but a great fortune would ultimately have been the reward of his laborious exertions. But on his death his creditors, conferring together and finding their demands numerous and great, took the alarm, and have, by legal procefs, divided all they found among themfelves. I have nothing fecured to me; for I blufh not to own it, I had no fortune. The affection of my hufband was all my fortune. My relations are poor, and refide at a great diftance: to them, therefore, I cannot apply; and thofe who were my polite friends in my affluence daily fhock me with their cold and diftant behaviour. For myfelf, I heed not this change in their hollow courtefy. The lofs of the hufband I loved is a blow that makes every other evil feem light, except the fate of my child. O my child!—It pierces my heart to think what will become of him! how I fhall provide for him! To-morrow I muft leave my late home, and go I know not whither; but it fhall be far from the place where I fo lately enjoyed fo much happinefs, which is now changed into the deepeft mifery.'

Here fhe ceafed, unable longer to reftrain a torrent of tears.

Mr. Marfton, the ftranger to whom fhe had been fpeaking, endeavoured to foothe her grief; and told her, that his houfe fhould be her home until fome means fhould be found of providing for her and her child. His lady, he faid, when fhe heard her ftory, would be as defirous to afford her all the relief in her power as fhe could be herfelf.

Mrs. Betterton furveyed the benevolent ftranger with aftonifhment; fhe thought fhe faw fomething in his countenance that commanded her confidence, and fhe accompanied him home that very evening.

Mr. Marfton introduced her to his lady, to whom he related her ftory, and who received her with the moft delicate and fympathifing affability; and alfo to a Mr. Clifton, his friend, who had lately arrived from the Eaft Indies, where Mr. Marfton had likewife refided for feveral years in a public employment. Mrs. Betterton's child attracted the attention of them all, by his beauty and vivacity. Mr. Clifton efpecially appeared delighted with him: he took him repeatedly in his arms and careffed him.

'I think,' faid he, 'there is fomething in this child which fafcinates me; I cannot take my eyes off him.'

'He is a poor little orphan,' faid Mr. Marfton: 'you have told me, formerly, I remember, that you went to fea a poor fatherlefs boy; fo far, there is a kind of affinity between you. You have now a princely fortune; you muft do fomething for him.'

'I certainly fhall,' faid Mr. Clifton. 'There is, indeed, fomething fo furprifingly attractive to me in his innocent countenance, that I am almoft refolved to adopt him for my fon, as I do not think I fhall ever marry now. But in that cafe his mother muft permit me to change his name; for I would revive in him my real name, as all my family, except myfelf, appears to be extinct. I do not know whether I have ever told you that my original name was not Clifton, but that I affumed it at the requeft of the gentleman who patronifed me in the Eaft Indies, and

to whom I am indebted for my fortune.'

'I think I have heard ſomewhat of that,' ſaid Mr. Marſton. 'But what name is he then to take?'

'Betterton,' ſaid Mr. Clifton.

'Betterton!' exclaimed the mother. 'Good heavens! that is his name at preſent!'

'How!' ſaid Mr. Clifton; 'who was your huſband?'

Mrs. Betterton related her firſt acquaintance with him, her marriage, his death, and deſcribed her preſent diſtreſsful ſituation.

'Your account,' ſaid Mr. Clifton, 'is of too late date. Where was he born? Are you acquainted with any of the events of his very early years?'

'I only know,' ſaid Mrs. Betterton, 'that he was born at a village, the name of which I do not recollect, near Tewkeſbury, in Glouceſterſhire. I have heard him ſay that his father died about a month before he was born, and his mother in leſs than a twelvemonth afterwards. His elder brother went to ſea with an uncle, and he never heard of him afterwards. He was himſelf brought up by an aunt, who at her death, about ſeven years ſince, left him a few hundred pounds.'

'My brother!' exclaimed Mr. Clifton, ſtarting from his ſeat. 'It is impoſſible I ſhould doubt it. I was born near Tewkeſbury; my father died about a month before my mother was brought-to-bed of my brother, and ſhe herſelf died within a year afterwards. My aunt took my infant brother to bring up, and I went to the Eaſt Indies with my uncle, who died ſoon after his arrival there. Fortune threw me into ſituations in which I have obtained an ample fortune, and, believe me, the widow and child of my brother ſhall never want. I have often endeavoured to procure ſome information concerning him, but never was able. In me, however, his child, whoſe winning ways ſo wonderfully attached me to him before I could ſuſpect that he was ſo nearly related to me, ſhall find not only an uncle, but a father; nor ſhall you, madam, I truſt, ever have cauſe to regret that you have a right to call me brother.'

Mr. Clifton ſettled an ample annuity on Mrs. Betterton; liberally educated her ſon, procured him an advantageous eſtabliſhment in life, and left him at his death the bulk of his fortune.

On the DIFFERENCE *between the* SEXES.

AS Nature has made a great difference in the external appearance of man and woman, we may reaſonably expect to find one as remarkable in their moral characters; for Nature, in her general courſe, is always uniform, conſiſtent, and true to her own deſigns.

Men and women have ever been found to differ in their way of thinking and acting. The female ſex has always been conſidered as the weaker; but it is no imperfection in a dove to want the ſtrength of an eagle.

There are certainly many actions becoming of women which would greatly diſgrace a man. I ſhall endeavour to diſtinguiſh their principal characteriſtics; principally attending, at preſent, to the peculiarities of the male character.

I only propoſe to conſider the two ſexes together, without comparing particular men with particular women. Many of the female ſex are, both in body and mind, formed much ſtronger than many of the male; but upon comparing the moſt perfect man with the moſt perfect wo-

man, and proceeding gradually through all the human ſpecies, we find that the females, in general, are, both in their bodies and minds, weaker than the males.

Our wiſe Creator having deſtined women to be the mothers of mankind, they are hence, in general, more ſubject to infirmities, accidents, and diſeaſes, than men, whoſe ſtructure of body is robuſter than theirs. And as, by the law of Nature, the mind generally correſponds with the body, the minds of men are in general ſtronger than thoſe of women: though Nature ſometimes produces prodigies of both ſexes.

Men being by their nature and make deſigned to perform thoſe offices, both of body and mind, which require more ſtrength, labour, and application, than women are formed for; we expect men to ſhew more prudence, wiſdom, and knowledge, than women, in all the weighty concerns of life. Prudence, wiſdom, and knowledge, are neceſſarily required to diſcover the proper means of obtaining an end, and to direct us how to proceed when dangers threaten, difficulties preſs, or obſtacles oppoſe our progreſs.

It is juſtly expected from men to provide for their families, defend their country, perform the laborious exerciſes, and engage in all the robuſt employments of life, for which they are fitted by their ſuperior mental and corporeal ſtrength. And hence it is juſtly accounted ſcandalous in a man who has a family to leave the ſupport and maintenance of it to his wife. Nor can he be properly called a father who takes no care or pains to provide for his children, but devolves that office entirely upon the mother.

Courage, valour, and intrepidity, being virtues ſuited to the make of a man, are juſtly expected from him; as they require ſuperior ſtrength of mind and body, which enables him to encounter dangers, difficulties, and misfortunes.

This ſuperior ſtrength obliges the men, on all occaſions, to defend and protect the women, who, from their weakneſs, are leſs capable of defending themſelves. No woman can be deſpiſed, or ſuffer in her character, for refuſing to engage in battle; but ſhould an officer refuſe to fight the enemy, he is deſervedly branded for a contemptible coward. Men are formed to ſtand firmer, and behave braver in dangers, than women.

In thoſe diſtreſſes and misfortunes which reduce women to tears and bewailing, men are to exert their ſtronger mental powers to diſcover and employ the proper means of preventing or remedying the evils they dread or ſuffer.

All thoſe duties and virtues are incumbent upon men which cannot be performed and exerciſed without magnanimity, courage, labour, and difficulty. And though there ſhould have been Amazons in the world, yet the military virtues certainly belong properly, and indeed excluſively, to men.

The ſubduing the paſſions, and acting the part of rigid integrity in defiance of every inducement, though it ſhould wear the exterior appearance of a ſpecies of virtue, requires a ſtrength of mind and firmneſs of reſolution more to be expected from the male than the female ſex. Men, on account of their greater ſtrength, ſhould conſider themſelves as deſtined to the ſevereſt duties and moſt heroic virtues, which they are more obliged, by their nature, to practiſe than women.

Nature conſtantly tempers one gift with another, in order to maintain a proper equality. If the female ſex cannot boaſt of many heroines in the ſublimer virtues, it is not deformed by ſo many monſtrous

vices, and wicked characters, as have appeared among men. There have always been abundantly more criminals executed of the male than of the female sex.

All history, indeed, is incomparably more ornamented by the names of illustrious men than of illustrious women. But though men have a great superiority over women in respect to the qualifications for virtue, they, in fact, sink greatly below them in vice.

There are many endowments either so small in kind or consisting of such petty accomplishments as very well suit the female character, but ill comport with the male. Men, being destined by their nature to exercise the highest virtues, and fitted for the greatest undertakings, are too robust for what is delicate and minute.

When women sit at their toilette to decorate themselves in a proper manner, their design is certainly more laudable than objectionable; but would it become a man to bestow so much time and pains in adorning his person?

Expertness and readiness in judging of lace and needle-work is doubtless an accomplishment in women, that would ill become a man. Men should not endeavour to be well versed in these kinds of female arts.

Many of the failings common to both sexes are much more censurable, ridiculous, and despicable, in men than in women. I mean such failings as either consist in things of a trifling nature, or arise from some remarkable weakness or want of power in the mind or body. Fear does not ill become a woman, for no one expects great courage in that sex. When women cannot bear to see a drawn sword, or shudder with fright at the report of cannon, or manifest other similar timidity, men are so far from laughing at them, or despising them for it, that they rather compassionate, support, and encourage them. But does he deserve the name of a man who trembles at the sight of a naked sword, or runs from the firing of cannon?

It is becoming in women to blush, and act with reserve and shyness; but such bashfulness is ridiculed in a man. Timidity, and even what may be termed modesty, beyond a certain degree, proceed too much from a want of fortitude and firmness of mind to become the male character.

Superstition, credulity, prejudice, and hasty judgments, are more pardonable in the softer female than in the rough masculine sex. Such foibles are unbecoming a strong understanding, and should be avoided by men, merely on account of their sex, even though they had no other reason.

These outlines may give a general idea of the character of men as contradistinguished from that of women, and enable us to form a right judgment of ourselves with respect to our virtues and vices.

York, April 27. CLEMENTINA.

On what is called a FALSE VOICE.

(*From Deſpiau's* "*Select Amuſements in Philoſophy and Mathematics.*")

A FINE voice is certainly preferable to every inſtrument whatever. Unfortunately, many perſons have only a falſe voice; but, in general, this does not ariſe from any defect in the organs of the voice, which are almoſt the ſame in all mankind: it originates from the ears, owing to an inequality of ſtrength in theſe organs, or to ſome want of delicacy or tenſion; in conſequence of which, as they receive unequal impreſſions, we neceſſarily hear falſe ſounds, and the voice, which endeavours to imitate them, becomes itſelf falſe. On this ſubject Dr. Vandermonde made a very ſimple experiment, which he relates in his Eſſay on improving the human Mind, and which may be repeated on children who pronounce with a falſe voice, in order that a remedy may be applied at that tender age when the organs are ſtill ſuſceptible of modification.

The experiment, as he deſcribes it, is as follows: 'I made choice,' ſays he, 'of a clear day, and having fixed on a ſpacious apartment, I took up my ſtation in a place judged moſt convenient for my experiments. I then ſtopped one of the ears of the child who was to be the ſubject of them, and made her recede from me, till ſhe no longer heard the ſound of a repeating watch which I held in my hand, or at leaſt until the ſound of the bell produced a very weak impreſſion on her organs of hearing. I then deſired her to remain in that place, and immediately going up to her, unſtopped her ear, and ſtopped the other, taking care to cauſe her to ſhut her mouth, leſt the ſound ſhould be communicated to the ear through the euſtachian tube. I then returned to my ſtation, and making my watch again ſtrike, the child was quite ſurpriſed to find that ſhe heard tolerably well; upon which I made a ſign to her to recede again till ſhe could ſcarcely hear the ſound.' It reſults from this experiment, that in the ears of perſons who have a falſe voice, there is an inequality of ſtrength; and the means of remedying this defect in children, is to aſcertain, by a ſimilar mode, which ear is the weakeſt. 'When this has been diſcovered, nothing better can be done, in my opinion,' ſays Dr. Vandermonde, 'than to ſtop up the other as much as poſſible, and to take advantage of that valuable opportunity of frequently exerciſing the weak ear, but in ſuch a manner as not to fatigue it. The one thus made to labour alone will be ſtrengthened, while the other will always retain the ſame force. The child's ear ſhould from time to time be unſtopped, in order to make it ſing, and to diſcover whether both ears have the ſame degree of ſenſibility.' This natural defect may be then corrected, and any perſon may be made to acquire a true voice, provided the means pointed out by Dr. Vandermonde be early employed.

Perſons who have a falſe voice, in conſequence of ſome inequality in the ears, may be compared to thoſe who ſquint; that is to ſay, who, in order to ſee an object diſtinctly, do not turn equally towards it the axis of both eyes, becauſe they have not the ſame viſual powers. It is probable that the former, if they had early accuſtomed themſelves to make uſe of only one ear, would hear diſtinctly different ſounds, which they would have imitated, and would not have contracted a falſe voice.

A MORNING'*s* WALK *in* JULY.

' When Morning, rifing from his fhadowy bed,
Bound his gold fillet round the mountain's
head—'

I AROSE and walked. The delightful ferenity of the weather enlivened my fpirits; and the whifpering gales, laden with ambrofial effence, regaled me with their balmy burden. With propriety, I exclaimed with Milton—

' Sweet is the breath of Morn—her rifing
fweet,
With charm of earlieft birds.'

How delightful 'tis to ramble in the cool of the morning, free from the fultry influence of Sol's meridian rays! It was fuch a fmiling fcene that prompted my youthful Mufe to fing the following ftrains—

' Oh, lovely morning, how thy beauties
charm me!
What tranquil blifs attends the early walk!
This is the feafon when (as poets fing)
The goddefs Health is feen to trip along
The dew-impearled lawn.—At break of day,
Oft will I quit the downy arms of Sleep,
To climb yon hill, to view furrounding profpects,
Or gather flowers in this enamell'd vale.
' Hark, how the fongful minftrels of the
grove
Tune their glad numbers! whilft the lowing
herd,
And ever-bleating flock, with their hoarfe
mufic
Can charm the rural wanderer. See thofe
lambs,
How gay they gambol o'er the verdant turf,
And play their fportive frolics round their
dams.
' Sport on, ye playful woolly innocents!
Enjoy your artlefs paftimes whilft you may;
For your fhort lives can boaft few hours like
thefe.
' But, foft! methinks I hear fome neftlings
cry
For their accuftom'd food: I'll pierce yon
copfe,
And try to find the helplefs young complain-
ants.
Lo! there it ftands—the mud-wall'd tene-
ment,
Environ'd round with briars and pointed thorns,
Contains an unfledg'd race of infant fongfters.
Well may the feather'd parents flutter near,
Fearful that I fhould violate their cell,
And rob it of the pledges of their love.
' Suppress your anxious grief, ye jetty war-
blers!
I'll not defpoil you of your callow brood;
Nor, with rude hand, demolifh your clay dome.
May kindly fate from this your fnug retreat
Avert the fchool-boy's eyes, and turn his feet,
His little truant feet, another way.
' But I muft bid thefe pleafing fcenes adieu.
Farewel, ye grazing beafts and warbling birds;
I go to feek the " favage haunts of man."

I paffed through a meadow, where the grafs was laid proftrate by the mower's fcythe. The blufhing flowers which lately drank the filver dew, and fhed around their odours, now lay withering on the ground, their colours faded, their beauties tarnifhed.

Significant refemblance of youth cropped by the ftroke of death in rofy bloom, ftripped by that univerfal defpoiler of all its radiant honours, divefted of every trait of lovelinefs, and configned to the gloomy cavern of the tomb!

On the top of fome lofty trees, the ' fons of fong' tuned their dulcet matins, to welcome the king of day, who with fplendid dignity was rifing from his faffron couch.

' Great fource of light and heat!' I exclaimed, ' fhall little birds greet thy appearance with melody, and fhall not man rejoice at thy prefence, and admire thy fplendor?

" Cheer'd by thy kind invigorating warmth,
I court thy beams, great majefty of day!
If not the foul, the regent of the world.
Firft-born of heaven, and only lefs than God!
ARMSTRONG.

' Glorious luminary! without thy all-cheering rays, Nature would be clad in fables, nor could fhe boaft one attractive charm. Potent lamp! thy influence pervades the inmoft receffes of the rock, ripens the ore to gold, and adds brilliancy to the diamond;

" Tinctures the ruby with its rofy hue,
And on the fapphire fpreads an heavenly blue;
For the proud monarch's dazzling crown pre-
pares
Rich orient pearl, and adamantine ftars."
BLACKMORE.

Though the ſeaſon of flowers was drawing towards a cloſe; though numbers of Flora's gay aſſemblage, the yellow cowſlips that proudly nodded on the cliff, and the azure violets 'that grew at foot of a thorn,' had reſigned their charms; yet the corn-fields diſplayed a pleaſing ſcene, which gladdened my mind; and Ceres, advancing, exhibited to view a proſpect of future plenty, which cauſed the peaſant's heart to bound with joy. The hedges were adorned with a profuſion of eglantines, which bloomed unnoticed and undeſired.

> 'Thus humble virtue lives unknown below;
> Thus flowers of genius diſregarded blow;
> Like lilies of the vale, they flouriſh fair,
> And waſte their ſweetneſs in the deſert air.'

Haverhill. JOHN WEBB.

MATILDA; *a* DRAMA.

(*Continued from p.* 322.)

SCENE V.

Count d'Orlheim, Erneſt, Herman, Bloume, Louiſa, Philip, and the other domeſtics of the family. Wodmar retires to the bottom of the ſtage, unperceived by count d'Orlheim.

Count d'Orlheim (claſping Erneſt in his arms).

EMBRACE me a thouſand times, my dear nephew. You are reſtored to me, and Heaven has thus granted all my wiſhes. (*He turns towards the ſervants who ſurround him*) I thank you all for your kind welcome. You ſee me again with pleaſure, and I return to you with joy (*To Herman, who ſtands reſpectfully at ſome diſtance*) Herman! my good Herman! come to the arms of your beſt friend.

Herman. Pardon me, ſir, if others have preſſed forwards, and been firſt to welcome you.

Count d'Orlheim. Oh, my friend! need you attempt to excuſe yourſelf in that reſpect to me? I am always impatient to ſee you, and happy when I have ſeen you. (*He looks round with a kind of diſquietude, and frequently turns his eyes towards the door of Matilda's apartments.*)—I ſuppoſe every thing is right there—all are well?

Herman. We all wiſhed for you, ſir, and your preſence renders us all happy.

Count d'Orlheim (with involuntary diſquietude). Herman, can you tell me?—Erneſt, do you know?——

Erneſt (eagerly). What, dear uncle?

Herman (with eagerneſs likewiſe). What would you aſk, ſir?

Count d'Orlheim (endeavouring to compoſe himſelf). Nothing, dear Erneſt!—Nothing, Mr. Herman!—(*Aſide*) My heart betrays me in deſpite of myſelf.

SCENE VI.

Enter Amelia: the Count diſcovers an emotion of indignation, but immediately repreſſes it, and goes to meet her.

Count d'Orlheim. Madam (*with coldneſs and conſtraint*), I hope I ſee you in perfect health?

Amelia (with coldneſs and dignity). I haſten, ſir, to expreſs my attachment to you—to all that ought to be dear to you; and eſpecially my gratitude.

Count d'Orlheim. You owe me none, madam. What I have done, I believed that I ought to do. I ſhall never alter my conduct.

Amelia (aſide). What a reception! What coldneſs!

Wodmar (at the bottom of the ſtage; with ſuppreſſed indignation, aſide). Not a word of Matilda!

Count d'Orlheim. I ſhall not dine with you to-day, my dear nephew: very urgent buſineſs requires my preſence at a place about a mile from hence. But to-morrow I ſhall have

your company, and this lady's. I muſt now go up into my chamber. Erneſt, you will be here in about an hour: I wiſh to ſpeak to you. Do not go away, Mr. Herman. (*As he is going, he perceives Wodmar*). Heavens! Sir! Are you here?

Erneſt (*aſide, with ſurpriſe and diſſatisfaction*) It is Wodmar!

Herman (*aſide*). What will enſue?

Wodmar (*with dignity, but ſomewhat embarraſſed*). I preſume to hope, ſir, that you will not refuſe me a moment's converſation.

Count d'Orlheim (*coldly and with conſtraint*). I received, ſir, ſome time ſince, a letter from you.

Wodmar. And I come to receive an anſwer.

Count d'Orlheim. I ſhall do myſelf the honour to tranſmit you one in writing.

Wodmar. Why would you wiſh to defer it?

Count d'Orlheim. At another time.

Wodmar. It is, perhaps, eſſential to us both not to loſe the preſent moment.

Count d'Orlheim (*diſcontentedly*). Since you inſiſt on it, ſir.—(*With mildneſs*) You will leave us, my friends.

Erneſt (*aſide*). What will be the iſſue?

Amelia (*aſide*). Poor Matilda! you are to be the ſubject of the converſation, and this perhaps will be ſufficient to complete your ruin.

[*Exeunt all but Count d'Orlheim and Wodmar.*]

SCENE VII.

Count d'Orlheim, Wodmar.

[*They remain ſome time without ſpeaking. Count d'Orlheim appears much agitated, and fixes his eyes on the ground. Wodmar ſeems greatly embarraſſed and confuſed.*]

Wodmar. Count d'Orlheim——

Count d'Orlheim. Sir!—

Wodmar (*timidly*). My preſence lays you under reſtraint.

Count d'Orlheim (*coldly*). I did not expect to find you here. May I aſk why you are come?

Wodmar. I have already told you in the letter which you have not anſwered.

Count d'Orlheim (*with much embarraſſment*). It ſtated, I believe, that you wiſhed to ſpeak to me on a ſubject of importance; but it was not in my power to conjecture what it might be. (*With cold politeneſs*) I am now ready to hear you: condeſcend to inform me what has procured me the honour of this viſit?

Wodmar. Love. I adore your daughter.

Count d'Orlheim (*with ſurpriſe mingled with anger*). Matilda!—And you come to ſolicit her hand?

Wodmar. On your conſent all the happineſs of my life muſt depend.

Count d'Orlheim (*fixing his eyes on him*). You wiſh to marry Matilda? You!

Wodmar. My fortune, my rank, my life, all are at her feet.

Count d'Orlheim (*firmly, after a ſhort pauſe*). Heaven preſerve me from ever giving my conſent to ſuch a union!

Wodmar. Why?—Aſſign your reaſon.

Count d'Orlheim. I cannot aſſign it. Enmity has no part in my refuſal. But honour, but my duty impoſe on me its neceſſity.

Wodmar. Your duty!—Honour!

Count d'Orlheim. I will obey them.

Wodmar. And you will not aſſign a reaſon?

Count d'Orlheim. I ſhall ſay nothing.

Wodmar. Perhaps when you know that my offers have not been totally rejected————

Count d'Orlheim (*alarmed*). You are beloved!

Wodmar. Matilda acts with too much propriety to make ſuch a confeſſion: ſhe knows that ſhe depends on a father.

Count d'Orlheim. Matilda depends only on herſelf. She may diſpoſe of her heart and of her hand, I ſhall not oppoſe her choice whatever it may be — (*lowering his voice, but with firmneſs*) provided you are not its object.

Wodmar (*with ſuppreſſed anger*). Count d'Orlheim!—

Count d'Orlheim (*with dignity*). Sir!—

Wodmar. Do you not perceive what an inſult?——

Count d'Orlheim. I offer you no inſult. I refuſe you, and I muſt refuſe you.

Wodmar. Deign then to aſſign the cauſe of your refuſal.

Count d'Orlheim. You muſt ſuppoſe that I have powerful reaſons for it; and your delicacy ought to reſpect my ſecret.

Wodmar. Your conduct but too clearly reveals it. Matilda is hated by her father. She will perhaps be diſinherited, and abandoned by him to deſpair; but I will remain faithful to her, and do my duty.

[*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Count d'Orlheim alone.

How is my heart expoſed to be repeatedly rent with the moſt poignant ſufferings! — I wiſh to hate Matilda, but Nature enforces me to love her with the moſt ardent affection. O Matilda! how wretched is thy father!

SCENE IX.

Count d'Orlheim, Herman, Erneſt.

Herman. Mr. Wodmar has juſt gone out, ſeemingly tranſported with paſſion, and as if in deſpair.

Erneſt. And you, my dear uncle, are in a ſtate of agitation in which I have never before ſeen you.

Herman. You cannot reſtrain your tears!

Count d'Orlheim. Leave me, I conjure you—leave me ſome moments to myſelf.

Herman. Can this young man have had the audacity!—

Count d'Orlheim. He is unhappy, and I—I am a thouſand times more to be pitied than he is. [*Exit.*

Herman (*to Erneſt.*) We muſt not leave him. Let us at leaſt follow him at a diſtance; our aſſiſtance may be neceſſary. [*Exeunt.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

(*To be continued.*)

WIT AND BEAUTY.

WIT and Beauty had one day a diſpute: Beauty claimed the precedence of Wit in every thing; Wit likewiſe preferred his claims, but they were confined to what were his due. The diſpute divided the empire of Paphos, and it happened on the day of a feſtival in honour of Venus.

Beauty had in Paphos a ſeparate altar and ſanctuary. On her altar incenſe was perpetually burning; the haughty goddeſs repaid the homage of the world with a ſmile, and Love was ſatisfied. Wit was admitted into the temple, rather from favour than regard, and appeared to reſemble thoſe buffoons, whom it was formerly the faſhion to maintain in the courts of princes, who were treated roughly, but paid liberally. They ſeem, indeed, well to have deſerved their hire, for what greater ſervice can be rendered to the great than to preſerve them from liſtleſſneſs and ill-humour?

Beauty offered to refer her cauſe to the whole aſſembly, and a number of perſons of both ſexes were drawn by lot to compoſe the tribunal. Thoſe who were verging towards the decline of life, were excluded: Beauty refuſed them as intereſted judges; and Wit, though he might have reaſon to complain, ſubmitted to the regulation.

Beauty advanced to plead her cause: her air was haughty and confident, and the agitation she felt from the occasion added fire to her eyes, and heightened the crimson of her complexion. She preferred her claims: they were, that Wit should yield to her in all things; that he should even rank only as her servant; that he should have no altar like her, but come every day to cast incense into the fire continually burning in her sanctuary. She was then silent, rather from a failure of ideas than from prudence. Her discourse had begun to diminish the impression which the view of her charms excited; her silence was more efficient in her behalf, and a smile again secured her audience in her interests.

Wit then advanced into the midst of the assembly. His features were not regular, but they were extremely engaging. His eyes were full of fire. His forehead was lofty, and his hair well arranged. All his most trifling gestures were delicate and interesting. The tone of his voice was masculine, forcible, or tender, according to the sentiment it conveyed. Every one waited with impatience to hear what Wit would say in his defence, and observed not that his stature was low, because he was well proportioned. The fire of his eyes communicated that of his soul. Beauty began to lose her influence before him. He bowed with a confidence mingled with respect, and spoke as follows:—

'My charming antagonist has so many advantages over me, that I cannot doubt that you will permit me to have recourse to every means in my power that may tend to gain my cause. I request then, that judgment may be deferred till the day of the great festival, which will be celebrated three years hence. During this interval I will submit to every thing that Beauty may require of me. I leave you to judge whether any mean jealousy enters into this dispute on my part.'

Every one applauded the proposal, and the delay he requested was immediately granted. A list was made out of the names of the judges, and inclosed in a box of cedar; and, from that day, Beauty received the homage of Wit, without entertaining a doubt that she should finally obtain the victory.

Three years soon elapsed in the dominions of pleasure, and the solemn festival arrived. Paphos resounded with the sound of flutes and cymbals, and the shouts of a thousand happy lovers. The judges in the great cause between Wit and Beauty assembled to give their final decision. The list was taken out of the box of cedar, and the names called over, and answered to by each, as they took their seats.

Wit prepared to address the court. After having consulted the eyes of all with a single glance, he caused the claims of beauty to be read, and began by a modest exordium, in which, without exalting himself above his rival, he only aspired to equal honours. In support of his rights, he compared wit and beauty, with respect to their intrinsic excellence, the pleasures they procure, the superiority they bestow, and the dangers to which they expose their possessors. It was not difficult for him to show the advantage which a lover of wit and sense, whose eyes, countenance, language, and gestures, every instant discover new charms, has over an inanimate figure, which, however fine and striking at the first glance, must quickly weary, and even disgust. He easily proved that it is impossible long to love what excites our contempt; and described the inexhaustible resources of wit in love, with so much passion, that

the whole aſſembly, crowding round him, left, without perceiving it, Beauty deſerted for the firſt time. His eloquence ſoon completed the confuſion of his rival.

'Let us compare,' ſaid the orator, 'wit and beauty, with reſpect to their duration. Age gives to the one, while it takes away from the other; we acquire knowledge, in proportion as perſonal charms fade. Wit is of every age, beauty is limited to one alone; the latter approaches old age, when the former only acquires maturity. A diſeaſe, an unfavourable breeze of air, a nothing, in fine, deſtroys beauty; while wit is expoſed to no ſuch accidents, and can only be deſtroyed by what deſtroys life.'

The orator now found himſelf interrupted by numerous ſighs which proceeded from the breaſts of the judges. The whole aſſembly immediately turned on them its eyes. Four of the moſt elegant females, who were of their number, had loſt thoſe charms which, three years before, had rendered them triumphant and haughty. The beautiful Zelia, another of them, was enamoured of a youth who was not very handſome, but admired for his wit. Their repeated ſighs and ardent looks were ſo many arguments in proof of the poſitions of the orator; till at length the judges, paſſing from one extreme to another, would perhaps have driven Beauty from her empire, had ſhe not preſented herſelf before them, diſſolved in tears. This addreſs was truly eloquent, and Wit was about to reply. But moderation impoſed ſilence on both parties; and the judges decreed, that Wit and Beauty ſhould henceforth poſſeſs the ſame rights, mutually render each other the ſame reſpect, and receive from others the ſame homage. Since this deciſion, the altar of Beauty is ſomewhat more frequented by women; but many more lovers reſort to that of Wit.

Anecdotes *of* Dr. Monsey.

Dr. Monſey was many years phyſician to Chelſea Hoſpital. He was a man of very comprehenſive underſtanding, genius, and wit, and of infinite whimſicality, all which he preſerved in full force to his death, at the age of ninety-ſix, in December 1788. He was by nature, what Swift was from affectation and ſpleen. Dr. Monſey was particularly blunt in his humours, and 'gave his worſt of thoughts the worſt of words;' but thoſe thoughts were never malignant. His openneſs of manner, and ſeverity of language, proceeded entirely from a love of truth, and a diſdain of every thing that ſavoured of affectation and foppery. With an appearance of rigour and parſimony, he was really tolerant to natural failings, and poſſeſſed a very benevolent heart, always ready to promote patronage for diſtreſs, and to ſet a liberal example.

This gentleman entertained the higheſt admiration for Mrs. Montague (the late worthy patroneſs of chimney-ſweepers) and conſidered her as one of the firſt intellectual characters he had ever known in his long and large intercourſe with mankind. The following extract of a letter of pleaſantry from Mrs. Montague to Dr. Monſey, in January 1785, when the doctor was ninety-three years of age, evinces a reciprocity of friendſhip:—

'My dear doctor, I flatter myſelf you do not love me leſs vehemently at ninety than you did at eighty-nine; indeed, I feel my paſſion for you increaſes yearly. A miſer does not love a new guinea, or an antiquary an old one, more than I do

you. Like a virtuofo, I admire the *verd antique* on your character, and fet a higher price on your affections every day. If the winter of the year had been as pleafant as the winter of your age, I fhould have called on you at Chelfea before this time; but it has been fo harfh and fevere, that I durft not venture myfelf abroad under its influence, &c.'

Dr. Monfey lived fo long in his office of phyfician, at Chelfea Hofpital, that, during many changes of adminiftration, the reverfion of the place had been promifed to feveral of the medical friends of the different pay-mafters of the forces. Looking out of his window, one day, the doctor faw a gentleman examining the houfe and gardens, who he knew had got a reverfion of the place; he therefore came out to him, and thus accofted him:—' Well, fir, I fee you are examining your houfe and gardens that *are to be*; and I will affure you that they are both very pleafant and very convenient; but I muft tell you one circumftance—you are the *fifth man* that has had the reverfion of the place, and I have buried them all; and what is more,' faid the doctor, looking fcientifically at him, ' there is fomething in your face that tells me I fhall bury you too.' The event juftified the doctor's prediction, the gentleman died a few years after; and, at the time of Dr. Monfey's death, no perfon had the promife of the reverfion.

Dr. Monfey, by will, directed that his body fhould be anatomifed, and the fkeleton preferved in Chelfea-Hofpital.

CHARACTER *and* MANNERS *of the* INHABITANTS *of the* ISLAND *of* SCIO, *in the* ARCHIPELAGO.

(From Olivier's Travels in the Ottoman Empire.)

THE legiflator who may wifh to obferve the influence of inftitutions and of laws, on the morals, character, and induftry, of man, ought principally to turn his eye towards a people who, living under the fame fky, on the fame foil, profeffing the fame religion, differ, neverthelefs, from themfelves to fuch a degree, that they appear incognifable. After having croffed a little arm of the fea, I thought myfelf tranfported into another region, into another climate. I had feen the Greek bent under the yoke of the moft frightful defpotifm: he was deceitful, rude, timid, ignorant, fuperftitious, and poor: here he enjoys a fhadow of liberty; he is honeft, civil, bold, induftrious, witty, intelligent, rich. Here I no longer find that mixture of pride and meannefs which characterifes the Greeks of Conftantinople, and a great part of the Levant; that timidity, that cowardice, which is occafioned by perpetual fear, that bigotry which prevents no crime. What diftinguifhes the inhabitants of Scio from the other Greeks, is a decided inclination towards commerce, a warm tafte for the arts, a keen defire for enterprife; it is a fprightly, pleafant, epigrammatic, wit: it is fometimes a fort of mad and burlefque gaiety, which has given rife to the following proverb:—' *It is as uncommon to find a green horfe as a prudent Sciot.*'

However true may be the overftrained meaning of this proverb, in regard to a few inhabitants of Scio, there are a great number who know how to combine the moft circumfpect prudence with the moft lively and the moft amiable fprightlinefs. No other town in the Levant prefents fo great a mafs of information; no other contains fo many men exempt from prejudices, full of good fenfe and reafon, and bleffed with a head better organifed.

Some among them may, never-

thelefs, be reproached with a ridiculous pride, a mifplaced fanaticifm. We have feen fools find the gratification of their vanity in a rich portfolio, a fine houfe, or a numerous fet of fervants. The ignorant man, who had no perfonal titles to difplay in fociety, thought to be quit towards it, in recalling to mind thofe of his anceftors. The ftruggle which exifts between the two churches has frequently given rife to fcandalous fcenes, of which the Turks alone have taken advantage; and the influence of the priefthood is, perhaps, too great in a country that wifhes to apply itfelf to agriculture and commerce.

Notwithftanding their grotefque drefs, the women are more amiable than thofe of the capital, becaufe they are more courteous, more gay, more lively, and more witty. They are feen with tolerable freedom at their own home, in prefence of their relations; and they enjoy, more than elfewhere, a liberty which they feldom abufe. They fpend, in all feafons, part of the day in finging and working, playing, or amufing themfelves before their houfes: they make up to paffengers, frequently fpeak to them firft, without knowing them; aim at them a jeft or an epigram: if the latter difpleafe, pay them a delicate witty compliment, if they have an agreeable manner or prepoffeffing countenance. If you anfwer them in the fame tone, the converfation begins aloud: you exert all your wit and gentility, you laugh, and you part from each other pleafed and gratified.

If you go to the efplanade, into the gardens, and round the town, you will meet, on Sundays and holidays, groups of young damfels, who ftop you very frequently, play you a thoufand pranks, afk you for money, offer you flowers and comfits. You may in like manner addrefs yourfelf to them firft, and begin with them by fome pleafantry.

But in this country every thing paffes in converfation with the girls, and the married women are much more referved than one would fuppofe at the firft accefs. It is not that Scio does not refemble almoft all the towns of Europe, and that amorous intrigues do not frequently occur; but fcandal, at leaft, is rare; public proftitutes conceal themfelves, and decorum reigns every where.

More circumfpect in regard to the Turks whom they meet, the women of Scio do not addrefs themfelves to them, nor do they anfwer their queftions; they know that they would expofe themfelves to fome brutality on their part, or, at leaft, to fome indecent converfation. But they preferve in their prefence that free air, that confident look, which is not to be feen even in the women of the capital.

Whether eafy countenances and gaiety, under a beautiful fky, alike concur to give to women agreeable forms, regular features, foft and flightly animated colours; or whether the Greek women have lefs degenerated here than elfewhere from their ancient beauty, it is certain that there are not to be found in any other country of the Levant fo many beautiful women as at Scio; and, neverthelefs, fubjugated by a bad tafte, they make too great a ufe of red, white, and black, which, very far from adding to their charms, caufe that foftnefs to difappear, conceal that delicate complexion, deftroy that bloom, which every where render women fo agreeable and fo captivating.

Here they frequent the baths much more feldom than the Greek women of Smyrna and Conftantinople; and this, perhaps, is the reafon why their beauty lafts longer. They attribute the whitenefs of their

teeth to the almost continual and general custom of having mastic incessantly in their mouth; but perhaps they owe this advantage still more to the dislike that they have to smoking, in which the others find an inexpressible pleasure.

Economical and temperate in their family, the richest as well as the poorest show an excessive love of gain. Those less gifted by fortune employ themselves in making stockings, caps, and purses, which they sell to passengers, or carry to their dealers. The rich women embroider handkerchiefs, and all the linen in use among the orientals; several have a frame in their own house, and work at some sort of silk or cotton stuff. Sweetmeats, conserves of roses and orange flowers, syrups of lemon, and bergamot citron, occupy a great number of women of all ages and all conditions. It is generally in the country that they breed the silk-worm and spin cotton.

AUGUSTA AND EMILY;

A TALE.

[BY MISS C. B. YEAMES.]

(*Concluded from page* 319.)

WITH a sigh and a throbbing heart, Horatio folded up the papers of the misguided Mrs. Lewis, and left the hermitage to return to the grove, to meet the placid smiles of Emily and the lively sallies of Augusta.

'Wretched penitent!' mentally mourned he, as his feet trod on the verdant carpet of nature—'Deluded girl! to act so perfidiously to thy dearest friend!—But are we not all prone to err?' immediately thought he, and his sister's conduct then appeared less horrid.

A step now approached near him: it was miss Lewis, ever beauteous, but now more bewitchingly animated by the pale blush which exercise, in crossing the flowery path, had given her; she stood before her astonished uncle with all the graces fluttering round her, with all the unsophisticated charms of innocence pictured in her youthful form.

'Ah! my dear uncle,' cried she, 'why this agitation?—Why those tears?'

'Sweet Emily!' returned he, 'seek not to know the cause which hath so disturbed me, seek it not.'

'Forgive my curiosity, beloved sir!' replied she, respectfully pressing his hand to her lips:—'Forgive the poor orphan intrusted to your love!'

'Ask not for that which you need not, pleasing girl!' exclaimed Mr. Harcourt; and slowly they walked to the grove.

'Agincourt,' said Augusta, blushing, 'has been pressing me to name an early day for'——

'Our union, which is to complete my bliss,' returned he with eagerness.

'Methinks,' cried lady Mary, fixing her brilliant eyes on William with an arch smile, 'you are somewhat too much in haste to steal the obedient Augusta from her fond sire.'

Mr. Harcourt thanked her by a smile more expressive than words; and, taking the hand of Augusta, he placed it in lord William's, saying: —'In thy protecting arms I place my child, my best beloved; I think by so doing I insure her happiness with yours for ever! if not--but oh! that will not bear the thought, so let it vanish like the empty bubble of a misty morn, which, for a time, obscures to make more brilliant the golden radiance of a blushing day.'

'Accept the most fervent thanks which my poor tongue can utter,'

exclaimed his lordship, 'for such a precious gift: a gift for which an eastern monarch might lowly bow. But I, the humblest of her slaves, will ever prostrate myself before her god-like image, and own no other shrine but that of my adored Augusta.'

So passed the day in planning scenes of future felicity, on the part of the youthful groupe; and, by Horatio, in pensive sadness, at the separation which was so soon to take place between him and his daughter.

The night now approached in which Mrs. Harcourt was to make her second appearance in the delightful paragon of fashion, the neat theatrical of her friend miss Strangeways. The part was Elvira, in Pizarro; and, as the beautiful representative of the noble Spaniard, she strove to gain applause. The abode of the admirer of Thalia was Strangeway-park, an elegant mansion, four miles distant from the Grove.

The palpitating heart, the tearful eye, and trembling form, were all known to the new Elvira; and when she stepped into the coach which was to convey her to the doating arms of her friend, her cheek glowed with expectation, and her agile limbs were nearly convulsed with pleasure. Cards of invitation were distributed many miles around the fairy environs of its playful mistress: but none of the courtly company shone more beautiful than the amiable party from the Grove. Earl Cuthbert being slightly indisposed, Mr. Harcourt chose to stay at home, to be his attendant in the room of lady Mary; and Emily, who never before had beheld a dramatic representation in England, longed for the hour which was to take her to its entrancements. Miss Harcourt went to please her mother, and Agincourt could not stay behind. Behold them, therefore, now just entering into the large decorated hall of the park, from whence they pass into an apartment where they were regaled with the choicest fruits and viands that can feast the eye or refresh the appetite.

Every thing went off with the most unbounded *eclat*; and Mrs. Harcourt, if not the best loved, was the most admired. It is true the delicate Christina, in the mild anxious mother, by some was allowed to be more elegant, more bewitchingly lovely; but then the commanding air, the expressive cast of countenance, and the distinct delivery of speech, gave the dramatic palm to Agatha. Alonzo next came in for his share of approbation: none was more deserving of it, though none wished for it less; as he only personified the character to gratify the ardent wish of his fair cousin Christina.

Mr. Chambaud was the most pleasing of men; tall, handsome, and possessed of the most enlightened understanding, he inspired the highest sentiments of respect and admiration. Emily beheld him with partial fondness, and Orlando could not gaze on the beautiful miss Lewis without feeling the power of her soft blue eyes. Every hour and at every interview his passion for the charming girl became more evident; and the modest maid, had not delicacy prevented her, could have betrayed the same emotions of tenderness. Chambaud one day sought Emily. He avowed his love; he pressed his suit with ardour; and, throwing himself at her feet, exclaimed—

'If I have not offended you, beloved Emily, deign to bestow an answer on thy devoted Chambaud; and, if you cannot give me hope, crush at once all my earthly happiness!'

'Alas!' softly cried Orlando, turning from her, 'why did I ever

leave my native land, to become ſo wretched—ſo very wretched, that, without my charmer conſents to be mine, this wan frame will ſhortly ſink to'——

Emily's agitation became extreme, her eyes ſparkled with a gliſtening dew, and only could ſhe utter—

'Riſe, Mr. Chambaud, and grant me your pardon. I reſpect your numerous virtues,' added ſhe; 'but preſs no further. Leave me.'

Her voice faultered: Orlando perceived it. He kiſſed her hand; and, with a look of animated triumph, left her.

To Auguſta, the friend of her boſom, miſs Lewis imparted the confeſſion of Chambaud, and ſoon was Mr. Harcourt informed of the ſame. To Agatha, who now began to grow more mild, both towards her child and her huſband, it gave infinite delight; as ſhe admired no one more than the graceful marquis, the amiable couſin of her ſweet Chriſtina. Warmly beat the heart of the young Emily, when her uncle preſented her hand to her adored Orlando.

'Live happy!' he cried: 'live virtuous! and may the days of the ſecond child of my affections glide on in bliſsful ſerenity!'

All preſent wept; and the now ſoftened Agatha fell on her trembling knees before her huſband, ſaying—

'Dare I aſk you to pardon the aſſaſſin of your peace?'

'It is paſt, beloved Agatha!' cried he; 'and let this auſpicious hour be ever ſacred. I am eager to accept your offer of a reconciliation to my affections, which, ſpite of your cutting neglect, could never be alienated from you.'

'This kindneſs is too much from you, deareſt Horatio!' exclaimed ſhe, half fainting in his arms. He gently ſupported her, and Agatha once again was the loving and beloved wife of Horatio.

Mild blew the weſtern wind, and ſerenely beamed the azure vault of heaven, when the two fair couſins were led to the altar of Hymen by the moſt worthy of men. It was at the village-church of Aſhton that the ſolemn ſervice was performed, and never looked more blooming the beautiful Auguſta and Emily.

Lady Mary Paul ever lived a life of celibacy, to watch over the declining years of her father, and to be the choice companion of her ſweet ſiſter, Auguſta, who, with her William, diffuſed bleſſings around her with a plenteous hand: while the fair marchioneſs Chambaud, after ſtaying in England a twelvemonth, bid adieu to her adoring relations, and returned to her own country; where, in the friendſhip of her early friend, madame de Perpignon, and the affectionate arms of her huſband, the affable Orlando, ſhe lived happy, admired and reſpected by all.

Harwich, June 3, 1803.

CRITICAL OBSERVATIONS *on the* NOVEL *of* 'TOM JONES.'

In a Series of Letters from an Uncle to his Niece.

(*Continued from p.* 307.)

LETTER XI.

DEAR NIECE,

THE introductory chapter to the fourteenth book forms a well-written eſſay, on the qualifications neceſſary to conſtitute a judicious author; and in this ſerious diſcuſſion much humour is interſperſed, particularly in the fifth ſection, where ſome ironical compliments are paſſed on two eminent perſonages who flouriſhed at the period when

our author wrote; namely; Mr. Eſſex, the dancing-maſter, and Mr. Broughton, the celebrated pugiliſt. The reaſon which Mr. Fielding gives for the inability of authors in deſcribing the manners of high life, namely, from their being excluded the ſociety of people of rank and condition, will be allowed to be well-founded; and ſo likewiſe is his obſervation, that the manners of the higher claſſes of ſociety do not admit of that diverſity of character which is to be met with in the more humble walks of life, where, from the variety of callings among the general maſs of the people, their ſeveral habits, converſation, and behaviour, become more diverſified, than amongſt thoſe who are reſtricted by the laws of faſhion and the univerſality of prejudice. How far the ſarcaſm may be well-founded, that the whole race of the gentlemen and ladies of the *ton* are, with a few exceptions, dedicated to the moſt frivolous purſuits, I ſhall not take upon me to determine. The ruling principle which Mr. Fielding, in the laſt ſection of this chapter, declares to have then been characteriſtic of many individuals in high life, may probably apply to the preſent *beau monde*.

The ſecond chapter of this book exhibits the amorous complexion of lady Bellaſton in a very ſtrong and ludicrous point of view. The two notes written by this lady to Jones, and the three poſtſcripts to the laſt note; but, above all, her ſudden appearance at the heels of theſe *billet-doux*; are peculiarly characteriſtic of the agitation of a female mind bewildered in a labyrinth of doubt and anxiety, ariſing from the turbulence of her unruly paſſions. The abrupt entrance of Mrs. Honour, the retreat of lady Bellaſton behind the bed, the converſation between Jones and the waiting-woman, and the awkward dilemma to which Jones is reduced, form altogether a moſt curious ſpecimen of the ridiculous, and contribute to render this a moſt humorous and laughable ſcene. The extreme rage of lady Bellaſton; the facility with which her anger is pacified, although ſhe was convinced, from the cleareſt and moſt poſitive evidence, that Sophia alone poſſeſſed the eſteem of Jones; are circumſtances which again proclaim the unruly paſſions of this lady, and that the indulgence of an illicit commerce had worn out all traces of that decorum of behaviour ſo neceſſary to preſerve from inſult the female character; that decorum or prudence (which in another place our author terms the guard of virtue) without which no woman can ſafely truſt to her own reſolutions.

The letter which Jones received from Sophia by Mrs. Honour, and which is given to the reader in the third chapter, forms a ſtriking contraſt to thoſe of lady Bellaſton, in the laſt chapter; and the dilemma to which Jones is now reduced, of feigning illneſs leſt his non-compliance with the appointment made to her ladyſhip ſhould fan the embers of her irritable diſpoſition, conſtitute, in the ſequel, a ſcene of the utmoſt pleaſantry, as will appear in the ſeventh chapter of the fifteenth book. But, firſt, it became neceſſary for Jones to palliate the irregularities of the preceding night with Mrs. Miller, and to reconcile the hurricane which had paſſed at that time in his chamber to the ſtrict ideas of decorum entertained by his virtuous hoſteſs. Mrs. Miller is, therefore, now introduced; and the grave lecture which ſhe reads to Jones on this occaſion, delivered in the appropriate terms and characteriſtic phraſes of this good woman, not only confirms the reader in his good

opinion of her—(which, had ſhe tacitly ſubmitted to theſe irregularities, might have juſtly expoſed her character to cenſure),—but leads on to other matters neceſſary towards the cataſtrophe of the piece. That part of Mrs. Miller's ſpeech wherein, from a grateful impulſe, ſhe offers a juſt tribute of praiſe to Jones for his generous behaviour towards Mr. Anderſon, diſcovers to the reader that this man was the identical perſon who had ſtopped Mr. Jones and Partridge, on their journey to London. The remaining part of this chapter, wherein Jones ſeverely rebukes Partridge for having divulged this piece of ſecret hiſtory to Mrs. Miller, and for having likewiſe revealed to that lady the connection between Mr. Allworthy and our hero,—a matter which Jones became acquainted with through the like ſource of communication,—is replete with the moſt laughable periods, ariſing from the ſimplicity wherewith Mr. Partridge ſtrives to exculpate himſelf from the charges brought againſt him.

The fourth chapter of this book is one of thoſe in which the virtuous diſpoſition of the author ſhines forth with the moſt conſpicuous luſtre. The language wherein he delivers the moral ſentences contained in this and the two ſucceeding chapters is a ſtriking proof that his capacity was not leſs adapted to the painting ſcenes of a grave and ſolemn turn, than to thoſe of a more airy and humorous caſt: of this various inſtances have occurred in the foregoing pages, but none that do greater credit to his talents for exciting ſympathy than the chapters under conſideration. This fourth chapter opens ſome further traits in the character of Mr. Nightingale, prepares the reader for the melancholy cataſtrophe of poor Nancy, and leads to an under-plot, in which Mr. Jones's exertions, in behalf of Mrs. Miller's family, will be ſet in a very conſpicuous point of view.

The hiſtory of Mrs. Miller, in the fifth chapter, is very properly introduced in that place where the good woman is anxious to convince Jones, to whom ſhe ſtood indebted for numberleſs favours, that no conſideration but that of giving offence to Mr. Allworthy, and of entailing a diſgrace on her family, ſhould have prevailed on her to part with ſo good a friend. This little epiſode forms a moſt intereſting tale, which is related with an artleſs ſimplicity, and clothed in the moſt unaffected language. The ſame undiſguiſed freedom, the ſame turn of periods, and the ſame loquacious though not unpleaſing circumlocution, mark the addreſs of Mrs. Miller, wherever ſhe makes her appearance in this hiſtory. The pathetic ſtrains of that period wherein Mrs Miller relates the death of her huſband will not eſcape your notice. Mr. Allworthy's letter to the widow is above all praiſe; and the effuſions of gratitude which, in her relation of this circumſtance to Jones, break forth towards her benefactor, are ſuch as beſpeak the moſt tender heart.—That the ſenſations of the author were in uniſon with the actors in the ſcene he has painted cannot admit of a doubt. The ſentiments expreſſed by Mrs. Miller, in the fifth ſection, reflect the greateſt honour upon the ſoundneſs of her underſtanding: ſhe ſays, they were the ſentiments of her huſband; and ſo I will venture to aſſert they are of every worthy divine, and of every ſenſible and unbiaſſed individual, in the Chriſtian world.

The irony, at the outſet of the ſixth chapter, and the compliment paid to thoſe people who have that firmneſs of mind which rolls a man as it were within himſelf, and, like a poliſhed bowl, enables him to run through the world without being

ſtopped by the calamities of others, forms a beautiful eulogium on the ſympathy of generous minds; whilſt it is a keen reproof on thoſe obdurate hearts which feel only for themſelves. The man of the hill, as we have before ſeen, was tinctured with this miſanthropy: we are not, therefore, to be aſtoniſhed that Jones, who was ſo eminently diſtinguiſhed for the oppoſite quality, ſhould ſmile when the old man, in the courſe of his ſtory, introduced a quotation from Horace, of which the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth lines of the chapter now under conſideration are a pretty cloſe verſion. The anſwer of Partridge to his maſter's queſtions, and his remarks upon what had happened to poor Nancy, are perfectly in character. Generoſity of ſpirit and liberality of ſentiment are very rarely to be found within the lower ranks of life, among whom Mr. Partridge (notwithſtanding his proficiency in the claſſics) ought to be numbered. Theſe excellent qualities, though indeed they may in ſome meaſure attach to the temper of the individual who poſſeſſes them, may nevertheleſs be attained by every one who will reſolve to ſhun calumny of every kind, not to liſten to every goſſip's tale, and, in ſhort, to take every thing by the right handle. Mrs. Miller's addreſs to Jones, and indeed the whole ſcene which paſſes between them, is a fine ſpecimen of the pathetic; which is ſtill heightened by the innocent prattle of little Betſey. Mr. Jones's humanity and tenderneſs of diſpoſition ſhine forth with conſpicuous luſtre on this occaſion; and I am perſuaded you never read the penultimate ſection of this chapter but you join with the mother in imploring Heaven to ſhower down all its bleſſings on the head of one whoſe heart overflowed with ſuch tender ſenſations.

The converſation between Mr. Jones and Mr. Nightingale, in the ſeventh chapter, is perfectly conſiſtent with the idea which a long acquaintance with the hero of the piece enables us to have formed of him; and, with reſpect to Nightingale, the intimations which have before been given of this gentleman are very proper harbingers to the reception Mr. Jones met with from him on this occaſion. Though a man of the *ton* and of *vertù* (as we have been informed before), his principles were by no means ſo vitiated but he was well inclined to liſten to the friendly admonitions of Jones, and to act accordingly.

The eighth chapter conveys Mr. Jones to the houſe of old Nightingale; a viſit which he undertook, in diſcharge of his promiſe to his friend, in the laſt chapter, in order to inform him of the engagement between young Nightingale and miſs Nancy. The portrait drawn of old Mr. Nightingale, in this chapter, exhibits by no means a diſtorted reſemblance to thoſe gentlemen who, like him, deal in money, and 'take the advantage ſometimes of the neceſſities of private individuals, and ſometimes of thoſe of the public.' To ſay the truth, it would be an eaſy taſk, among the gold and ſilver mongers every day aſſembled in the rotunda at the Bank of England, and in the public walks at the Royal Exchange, to ſingle out individuals who might ſit for the picture; and ſo near a reſemblance does the fictitious character of Mr. Nightingale bear to the money-brokers in real life, that every reader who hath been in the habit of converſing with the commercial part of mankind, or (to ſpeak in the modern dialect) with the monied men of the city, cannot fail to call to remembrance the features of ſome one or other of his acquaintance in the viſage of Mr. Nightingale. The converſation between Jones and the old gentleman

forms a very ludicrous ſcene; the queſtions of our hero being framed in terms ſo ambiguous and equivocal, that the avarice of Mr. Nightingale is tickled, and he is thus prevailed on to entruſt Jones with more of the ſecret reſpecting the match he had propoſed for young Nightingale than he would otherwiſe have done. The entrance of the brother at this interval, when the old gentleman was thrown into the utmoſt perplexity, and, as it were, ſtruck dumb from the unwelcome tidings of Mr. Jones, proved a fortunate circumſtance to this latter, for whom the uncle of young Nightingale ſhows himſelf a powerful auxiliary; for, although the ſenſible advice which he gives could have little effect in removing the prejudices of the father of the young man, ſince the cleareſt reaſons and beſt-founded arguments, as Mr. Fielding elſewhere obſerves, can be of no avail againſt the force of habitual avarice; it will, nevertheleſs, be found, in the ſequel, that the uncle's approbation of the nephew's conduct, and his introduction at this juncture, are incidents very material towards the cataſtrophe of this little epiſode, and, indeed, towards the cataſtrophe of the main ſtory, with which this beautiful tale is materially connected; and is a further ſpecimen of Mr. Fielding's ingenuity in weaving the thread of his piece, where every incident appears to have been brought about through the moſt natural chain of events, at the ſame time that every occurrence is ſo judiciouſly managed as to furniſh forth a fund of amuſement, independent of its connection with the reſt of the drama. The terms in which our author deſcribes the broad features in the mental and perſonal qualities of miſs Harris, are expreſſed in a humorous ſtyle peculiar to himſelf: other writers might have dwelt with the moſt tedious prolixity on the deformities of miſs Harris's mind and perſon, and might on this occaſion have ſpun out many pages of phlegmatic narrative, but Mr. Fielding choſe to expreſs himſelf in the moſt laconic phraſes, by which the reader has a perfect comprehenſion of the lady's attractions, at the ſame time that he is highly gratified by the manner of the relation.

In the ninth chapter, each of the parties aſſembled at Mrs. Miller's appears in the preciſe drapery of character wherein ſuch perſon had been heretofore introduced to our notice. The manner in which Mrs. Miller relates to Jones the pleaſing contract which had taken place during his abſence, and thoſe unbounded terms of gratitude with which ſhe prefaces her ſtory, at once proclaim the innate goodneſs of her heart, and confirm us in the opinion we had before entertained of her. You will obſerve with what art the writer has contrived to bring about this revolution, and how neceſſary it was that the uncle of young Nightingale ſhould make his appearance at his brother's during the ſcene which paſſed between Jones and the old gentleman. The confeſſion which young Nightingale makes to his uncle may be traced, with great propriety, to the ruling principles of the young man, which is that of an open unſuſpecting youth. His attendance upon his uncle to his lodgings, however improbable it may appear to thoſe readers whoſe chief delight conſiſts in peruſal of dull inſipid narration and plain matter of fact; that he ſhould be prevailed on to leave his bride, as related in the twelfth chapter, in which light ſhe had been before repreſented to the uncle; ſerves to illuſtrate the poſition which our author had before laid down, that it is contraſt alone which can add charms to every incident of life. The abrupt departure of the nephew with the old gentle-

man conduces likewise to the support of the main drift of the novel, as will appear from the matter contained in the subsequent book. The observations of the author, in the fourth and fifth sections of this chapter, upon the effects of duplicity, when played off at each other by two people, the object of each of whom it is to serve his own interest at the expence of his friend, may be confirmed by every day's experience in the commerce of the world, where those who have been many years conversant in the artifices of mankind will be enabled to bring to their recollection instances not less illustrative of the point in question than the apt allusion quoted by Mr. Fielding, of the two horse-jockeys.

(To be continued.)

ROBERT M'KENZIE;

OR, THE

ADVENTURES OF A SCOTSMAN.

[Written by himself, and edited by R. Ferrie—Glasgow.]

(Continued from p. 311.)

CHAP. V.

The earl, previous to the departure of his son, determined to give a grand ball at his house, as a farewel to the friends of the young lord. The most costly decorations that wealth could procure or art produce were brought forward on this occasion, as the earl proclaimed his determination to celebrate this event as his resuscitation from the dead.

A large ball-room was formed by two or three of the principal rooms being thrown into one, in order to accommodate the numerous company that were invited on the occasion.

This long wished-for evening at length arrived, and for some time every idea that I had conceived of pleasure was here realised. The magic splendor of the scene, the elegance of the ball-room, which the blaze of light displayed to peculiar advantage, and the many apparently happy beings fluttering in the maze of pleasure, seemed altogether such a *coup-d'œil* to me, unacquainted with the splendid scenes of the great, as it is now impossible for me to express. Totally surrendering my senses to the brilliancy of the scene, I gave myself up solely to pleasure. The footing on which I stood with the family of the earl had been such as enabled me to form many eligible connexions, and I had therefore no reason to suppose but some of those beautiful females I saw on every side would join me in tracing the mazy labyrinth of the dance. Nor were my hopes disappointed; a young lady to whom I had been introduced consented to honour me with her hand, when, in a moment, every thought, save that of despair, was driven from my mind, on the sudden appearance of a young lady coming close to my side, and whispering, in a low tone that made me tremble:—'Robert, what a wretch thou must be! At this moment, when nothing but pleasure seems to be your object, the wretched victim of thy crime deplores, in terms that would melt a stone, thy apostacy and guilt.'

As soon as she had said this, she turned round, and, hastily mingling with the well-dressed crowd, escaped every search I could make, and I then saw her no more. This incident entirely deprived me of every inclination to enjoy the scene before me; and, pretending to have been attacked with a sudden illness, I retired to my apartment, where, in darkness and silence, I gave myself up to despair.

The following day was that fixed for our departure, when the bustle of preparation alleviated in some measure the poignancy of my grief. The earl of Kirkintilloch, when he was informed that every thing was ready for our departure, took us into his study and addressed us to the following effect:—

'Young gentlemen, you are now going to leave your native country for a considerable period: it is, therefore, proper that your conduct, while you remain in a foreign country, may be such as will throw no disgrace on the name of Scotsmen. In saying this to you, I say every thing; for if you conduct yourself as becomes a Scotsman, you can never be guilty of any thing criminal. Go, and keep honour ever in your view. Bravery you both possess; but remember that virtue will degenerate into vice, when not properly tempered with prudence. I do not wish to weary you with any old-fashioned maxims, which, perhaps, you may think originate in my want of knowledge of the world; therefore, come to my arms, my son, and let me bid you a long adieu.'

With these words he clasped his son in his arms, and remained for some moments speechless; then, gently pushing us out of the room, he desired us to hasten away. In obedience to this order, we took our departure, in a very sorrowful mood, for the port of Leith, where a packet, that was to convey us to Bourdeaux, lay ready for our departure, in which vessel our equipage and servant had been previously lodged.

The moment we entered the packet got under weigh, and in a few hours after having cleared the pier of Leith I first saw the German Ocean.

To me every thing appeared sublime: the romantic islet of Inchkeith, the distant plains of the verdant Fife, the rugged rock of the Bass, and the majestic spires of Edinburgh, when viewed altogether in the clear radiance of a mid-day sun, formed a romantic and singularly grand appearance. Even Murchison, who commonly was not very heedful of the sublime of nature, was struck with the sight, and acknowledged that the scene was delightful.

By degrees the scene lessened to our view, and in a short time nothing more of my native Isle was to be seen than the distant rocks of Fifeness. A soothing melancholy now stole over my frame; and, retiring to the cabin, I sat down to the writing desk and produced the following

LINES ON LEAVING SCOTLAND.

FAREWELL, my dear, my native clime!
 Adieu, my lov'd and happy shore!
I now must wander for a time;
 Perhaps, I'll never see thee more!

Still in my heart I'll fondly grasp the hope
 That Scotia yet may be my dwelling-place;
Then, in the time, my country's hapless lot,
 With mournful tenderness, I'll slowly trace.

Where are thy patriots, faithful, ardent, bold;
 Who lov'd thy wilds, and bless'd thy sea-girt coast?
 Neglected Scotia! once thy pride and boast,
Ah! where are now thy patriots, fam'd of old?

When Wallace shook, unaw'd, the glitt'ring spear,
 And glorious stood, the chieftain of the brave;
When rumour still convey'd from ear to ear
 That Wallace never would become a slave—

Those were the days when, nobly great,
 Thy patriot warriors their country lov'd;
When war's rude clamours in a bleeding state
 Their ardour and their courage nobly prov'd.

Hail, Scotia, hail! my native land, adieu!
 Adieu again repeats the trickling tear:
My native home, a long farewel to you:
 Adieu! adieu, to all that I hold dear!

Night having now veiled the world in darkness, I sought his lordship, whom I found talking and joking with the sailors. With some difficulty, I persuaded him to retire to the cabin, where he found the verses I had wrote carelessly laying on the table. After hastily reading them over, he burst into a fit of laughter.

'Poetaster!' exclaimed he, 'thou art a sorry loon; thou must come under my tuition in the art of poetry.' Then sitting down to the table, he produced, in a moment, the following

HYMN TO VENUS.

Lovely goddess, young and gay,
Cheerful as the month of May,
Venus, nam'd the Cyprian queen,
Who lov'd of gods and men hast been,
Deign to hear a lover's prayer,
Nor leave him hapless to despair;
Kindly grant his first request—
He anxious waits your high behest.

Grant he may a female find,
Who, smiling gently, may prove kind:
Grant that handsome she may be,
And this is all I ask of thee.

'There!' pointing to the verses he had wrote, 'there is an impromptu for you; you must now acknowledge that I am your superior in the art poetic.'

Upon reading over his verses, I at once acknowledged that I was conquered: this declaration put his lordship in alto; and, in the highest glee, he declared he would celebrate his victory in a libation to Bacchus. In this I was forced to partake; and in a short time sorrow had banished to the realms below all reflections on our exit from our native country, and all dread of the seas were expelled by the native energy of old port.

As nothing particular occurred in the voyage, it will be proper to give my readers a sketch of the character of his lordship, and to introduce to their acquaintance Donald M'Alpine; and who, perhaps, may turn out a person of consequence in the following pages.

Lord Gartferry was of an open, unthinking, and generous, character: the long banishment that he had undergone had, undoubtedly, tended to produce many evil propensities in his mind; but even this circumstance could not eradicate the noble candour, the manly frankness, and the generous heart, that shone conspicuous in his every word and action. These powerful recommendations could not fail to efface the unfavourable ideas that his volubility, heedlessness, and vanity, were but too apt to excite. Our servant, Donald M'Alpine, was a compound of pedantry, simplicity, and pride; but these failings were likewise overbalanced by his bravery, honesty, and fidelity.

The reader will here, undoubtedly, exclaim, that three men, of the characters here depicted, were well calculated to make the tour of Europe to advantage; and, indeed, I must acknowledge, that the subsequent adventures that befel us were to be expected from the rashness and folly of our outset.

On the morning following the day on which we had embarked, my friend Murchison seemed to be in deep and unusual study, and his features beamed with an anxious expression that convinced me some new scheme was in agitation: nor did I mistake; for, immediately after breakfast, he took me aside and begun thus:—

'Robert, is not the man a fool who leaves his country to improve his mind and cultivate his understanding by travelling in foreign lands, and yet is contented with being whirled over the continent in a post-chaise?'

'I must acknowledge no improve-

ment will reſult from ſuch travelling.'

'Well, then, hearken to me in ſilence, and reverence my determination; for know that I am reſolved that we ſhall improve our time; therefore, as we are both adepts in the French and Italian languages, I propoſe that we ſet out from Bourdeaux on horſeback, and traverſe the continent in that mode. By this means we ſhall be enabled to mingle with people of every rank and deſcription, and gain a thorough knowledge of the leading features of every nation; to ſay nothing of the intereſting adventures that we may reaſonably hope to meet with by this mode of proceeding.'

I was much alarmed at this imprudent propoſal, which I ſaw was only the prelude of many diſagreeable conſequences that would ariſe therefrom: however, every repreſentation that I could make had not the ſmalleſt effect with Murchiſon, who, having once taken a reſolution, I ſaw could be induced by no argument to relinquiſh it. There was, therefore, no other remedy than ſubmiſſion; and, with a very bad grace, I agreed to begin this equeſtrian journey through France; from whence we were immediately to ſet off for Italy.

The diſcuſſion of this ſubject had been hardly finiſhed when the lofty ſpires of Bourdeaux appeared to our view; for which place we immediately made, and in a ſhort time effected our landing on the Gallic ſhore.

CHAP VI.

SUBLIME Genius! who didſt inſpire Cervantes, Le Sage, Smollet, and Fielding, aid and aſſiſt me in the undertaking which I have ſet about; infuſe into me ſome ſmall portion of their fire; enable me to excite in my readers an ardent intereſt for my welfare, and to depict properly the ſtrange and uncommon ſcenes and adventures to which I was expoſed. And, reader, previous to the travels which we have to make in each other's company, allow me to deprecate thy wrath for the follies and vices of which I was guilty: ſuffer me to hint, that my education and the manner in which I had lived were not adapted for forming a cynic; think that youth, health, and vigour, are always ſubject to err, and then be ſevere upon me if thou canſt.

The narrow and dirty ſtreets of Bourdeaux were by no means adapted to convey a good opinion of that place to thoſe who had ſo lately arrived from the elegant ſquares of New Edinburgh. This reflection occurred, in a peculiar manner, to our truſty ſervant, from whom we expected to derive no ſmall degree of amuſement in the courſe of our peregrinations.

'The muckle deel tak this town!' cried he out, when we were on the road to the inn; 'it's a hard thing that a body canna gang without rinning their ſhoon up to the head in glaur: if this be claſſic grund, gude faith I'm wearied o't.'

The uncommon attention that this ſpeech procured him from the paſſengers did not ſeem to diſquiet him in the leaſt degree; on the contrary, he continued vociferating with the lungs of a Stentor, when he was cut ſhort, in the midſt of his harangue, by our entering the inn to which we had been directed.

The next morning Murchiſon called up the ſervant, and told him that he intended to travel *incog.*; and that, therefore, he muſt be careful not to addreſs him by his title, or to give the leaſt ſuſpicion to any that the maſter he ſerved was a *Mi Lor Anglois*. M'Alpine

having promised to comply with these injunctions, was dismissed, and our host was sent for, to whom Mr. Murchison (so I shall in future name lord Gartferry) explained his desire of immediately procuring three stout horses.

Through the assistance of our landlord, we were soon put in possession of three spirited nags; and, upon the morning of next day, we took our departure from Bourdeaux, on the Quixotic plan of making an equestrian tour over the continent.

The occurrences of the first week by no means claim the attention of the reader; as such I will pass over the usual routine of a traveller's journal, and take notice of no more than what I consider as worthy their attention. Upon the Monday of the second week of our departure from Bourdeaux, as we travelled through the delightful plains of Dauphiny, Murchison, after a long pause in our conversation, exclaimed that he was determined we should no longer exist in the apathy of our present state. 'No,' added he, continuing the conversation, 'I will, this evening, convince you that every man has it in his own power to achieve the most romantic undertaking, when a proper degree of prudence, courage, and firmness, is blended in his spirit; and, to convince you of this, I here undertake that I will spend this evening in the *chateâu* of the proudest lord of this neighbourhood, and be received with kindness and pleasure; and, in short, I have built a most admirable superstructure in my mind, in which I must be assisted by your advice and directions.'

My friend here closed the discourse, and in the course of a few hours we arrived at the small village of Fierrers, where we directed our steps to the principal inn, dignified with the portrait of *Louis le Bien Aimé*.

The garrulity of French landlords, under the old *regimé*, was here admirably exemplified in the person of our host; for, in the course of a few minutes that we were in his company, more intelligence was poured in upon us than would have sufficed to have enabled us to pass upon the *noblesse* of that part of the country as acquaintances or friends. Among other topics which our host introduced and discussed, he pulled out a letter from his pocket, and continued—

'Gentlemen, you have, no doubt, long ago, heard of the baron of Hautement?'

A negative answer.

'What! not heard of the baron? how extraordinary! I thought all the world knew him; and let me tell you that I am much afraid for no good. My brother is his chief butler, and now and then sends me accounts of his behaviour; and such accounts, *mon Dieu!*'—

Our host here shrugged up his shoulders; and, opening the paper he had in his hand, he continued:

'My brother, you must know, gentlemen, has received a good education, and explains these matters far better than I can; you shall, therefore, hear his letter on the subject.'

'DEAR PERRIN,

'THE accounts which I have so often transmitted to you, of the conduct of my master, is still the only news which I can entertain you with; but, in fact, the dark mysterious conduct of that gentleman is sufficient to fill volumes, and still the reader would never be able to divine the cause of such conduct.

When a man is blessed with health, a beautiful and amiable consort, and riches in abundance, the world would be apt to think that that man had no reason to complain; yet here

ſuch a caſe does exiſt: and I am ſure that no wretch who toils in a galley is more deſerving of pity than our baron. Amidſt the rage of a tempeſt, when the roar of thunder and gleams of lightning drive the traveller to ſeek for refuge, the baron's conſtant practice is to ruſh from his caſtle, to wander throughout the foreſts which ſurround his manſion, to ſcale precipices, and daſh through the angry torrents; and, when ſeized with theſe fits of inſanity, as ſurely I may call it, he will be abſent for weeks, and no perſon ever yet could learn where he conceals himſelf, or diſcover his abode. Laſt night he returned from an excurſion of that kind, and, by his preſence, this terrific manſion ſeems enveloped in a double gloom. His lady is truly to be pitied; young, amiable, and innocent, ſhe was ſacrificed, by an avaricious father, to the baron de Hautement, and ſince then ſhe has never enjoyed a ſingle day of true happineſs.'

Our hoſt then proceeded to read ſome family details, in which he was ſoon cut ſhort by Murchiſon, who had paid an uncommon degree of attention to the letter, and who now requeſted that our communicative hoſt would leave us a little to ourſelves.

(To be continued.)

The MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

PART II.

(*Continued from p.* 288.)

THE COMMON FALCON.

THERE are many apparent varieties in this ſpecies. Briſſon reckons no leſs than twenty-five; but Buffon reduces this to two—the genteel falcon, or falcon gentle, and the pilgrim, paſſenger, or peregrine falcon: both theſe are much leſs than the gyr-falcon, and nearly of the ſize of the raven. They differ but ſlightly, and, perhaps, only from the different ſtates they were in when deprived of their liberty by man. Theſe differences are more eaſily to be learned by experience than taught by deſcription. The falcon gentle moults in March and even earlier; the peregrine falcon does not moult till the middle of Auguſt. The peregrine is broader over the ſhoulders; the eyes are larger and deeper ſunk; the bill thicker; the legs longer and better ſet than in the falcon gentle.

The ſorrel falcons, which are the young ones, and which have been caught in September, October, and November, are the eaſieſt bred to the purſuit of game; thoſe which are caught later, in winter, or in the following ſpring, and conſequently are nine or ten months old, have taſted too much of freedom to ſubmit patiently to captivity, and their fidelity or obedience can never be relied on; they often deſert their maſter when he leaſt expects it.

Thoſe caught in the neſt are called *ninny falcons*. When taken too young, they are often noiſy and difficult to train. They ought not, therefore, to be diſturbed till they are conſiderably grown.

The peregrine falcons are caught in their paſſage every year, in September, on the iſlands in the ſea, and the high beaches by the ſhore. They are naturally quick and docile, and very eaſy to train. They are caught not only on the coaſts of Barbary, but in all the iſlands of the Mediterranean, and particularly that of Candia, which formerly furniſhed the beſt falcons.

THE LANNER.

This bird is now so rare, that Buffon tells us he could not procure a specimen of it, as it was not found in any of the French cabinets. Brisson and Salerne confess that they never saw it; and Belon, though he describes it at considerable length, does not give the figure. Mr. Pennant has, however, given a description of one that was caught, while pursuing wild ducks, under the nets.

'The lanner, or lanner falcon,' says Belon, 'generally constructs its aerie, in France on the tallest trees of the forest, or on the highest rocks. It is less corpulent than the genteel falcon or falcon gentle, and its plumage is more beautiful than that of the sacre, especially after moulting; it is also shorter than the other falcons. It subsists, better than any other falcon, upon coarse flesh. It is easily distinguished, for its bill and feet are blue; the feathers on the front mottled with black and white, with spots stretching along the feathers, and not transverse as in the common falcon. The neck is short and thick, as is also the bill. The female is called *Lanner*, and is much larger than the male, which is named *Lanneret*: they are both similar in the colour of their plumage.

This bird breeds in Iceland, and is also found in Sweden; for Linnæus places it among the native birds of that country. It is the *Falco-Laniarius* of his system; and its specific character, as given by him, is, that its 'cere is yellowish; its feet and bill cerulean; its body marked beneath with black longitudinal spots.' It is found also in the Ferroc islands, on the Uralian mountains, and in some parts of Tartary.

THE SACRE.

This is a species which has a near affinity to the lanner, and, like that, is extremely rare. Belon, it seems probable, is the only naturalist who has seen and described them both. According to his description, 'the plumage of the sacre is inferior in beauty to that of other birds of the falcon kind, being of a dirty ferruginous colour, like that of the kite. It is low; its legs and toes blue, in some degree similar to the lanner. It would be equal to the common falcon in size, were it not more compact and rounder shaped. It is a bird of intrepid courage, and comparable in strength to the peregrine falcon. It is also a bird of passage, and it is rare to find a man who can boast that he has ever seen the place where it breeds. Some falconers are of opinion that it is a native of Tartary and Russia, and towards the Caspian Sea; that it migrates towards the south, where it lives part of the year, and that it is caught by the falconers who watch its passage in the islands of the Archipelago, Rhodes, Cyprus, &c. The male is called the *sacre*, and the female the *sacret*; the only difference between them consists in the size.'

This bird is the *Falco-Sacer* of Linnæus, who thus characterises it:—'Its cere and feet are cerulean; the back, breasts, and coverts of the wings, mottled with dusky; the feathers of the tail marked with kidney-shaped spots.' It inhabits Europe and Tartary. It is two feet long, and weighs two pounds eight ounces. The feet are feathered almost to the toes.

To this species is to be referred the *American sacre*, or *speckled partridge hawk*; of which the feet are blue; the body, and the wing and tail feathers, marked with dusky pale bars; the head, breast, and belly, stained with dusky white longitudinal spots. This variety is a native of Hudson's Bay and other parts of North America. It preys on the white grous, and will even seize them while the fowler is driv-

ing them into his nets. It breeds in April or May in unfrequented places, and has, it is ſaid, only two eggs. It is about the ſize of a crow.

THE HOBBY.

The hobby is much ſmaller than the common falcon, and differs from the latter no leſs in its habits than its ſize. The falcon is fierce, ſpirited, and courageous, and will attack an enemy far ſuperior to him in ſize. The hobby has not ſufficient courage, except when it is trained to the chace, to atempt any prey beyond larks and quails. But his defect in courage is compenſated by his indefatigable induſtry. No ſooner does he perceive the ſportſman and his dog, but he cloſely follows them, and endeavours to catch the ſmall birds they put up before them; and what eſcapes the fowling-piece eludes not the hobby. It ſeems not intimidated by the noiſe of fire-arms, or ignorant of their fatal effects; for it continues to keep cloſe to the perſon who ſhoots. It frequents the plain country near woods, eſpecially where the larks are numerous, among which it commits great havoc. The larks immediately recogniſe, by inſtinct, their deſtructive enemy, and when they deſcry him inſtantly ſquat down, and endeavour to conceal themſelves among the buſhes and the herbage. This is the only manner in which the lark can hope to eſcape; for, though it ſoars to a great height, the hobby can ſtill ſoar higher. They, therefore, remain fixed to the ground through fear, which affords the fowler an opportunity of drawing his net over them. This was formerly practiſed and termed *daring* the larks.

The hobby is the *Falco-Subbuteo* of Linnæus. The cere and feet are yellow; the back is duſky; the nape of the neck white; the abdomen pale, with duſky oblong ſpots; the under ſide of the rump and the thighs rufous. The male weighs ſeven ounces; the length is twelve inches; the extent of the wings two feet ſeven inches. It inhabits Europe and Siberia. In ſummer it is frequent in England, where it breeds, and migrates in October.

THE KESTREL.

The keſtrel is one of the moſt common of the birds of prey in France, and eſpecially in Burgundy: there is ſcarcely an old caſtle or deſerted tower but is inhabited by it. It is a handſome bird; its ſight is acute; its flight eaſy and well ſupported: it has perſeverance and courage, and reſembles, in its inſtinct, the noble and generous birds. The female is larger than the male. The head is ruſt-coloured; the upper ſide of its back, wings, and tail, is marked with croſs bars of brown; and all the feathers of the tail are of a ruſty brown, variouſly intenſe; but in the male the head and tail are grey, and the upper parts of the back and wings are of a vinous ruſt colour, ſprinkled with a few ſmall black ſpots.

Though this bird uſually frequents old buildings, it leſs frequently breeds in them than in the woods. It depoſits its eggs ſometimes in the holes of walls, or in the cavities of trees; at other times it conſtructs a very flimſy ſort of neſt, compoſed of ſticks and roots, pretty much like that of the jays, upon the talleſt trees of the foreſt: ſometimes it occupies the neſts deſerted by crows. It lays four eggs, but more frequently five, and ſometimes ſix or ſeven, of which the two extremities have, like the plumage of the bird, a reddiſh or yellowiſh tinge. Its young are at firſt covered with a white down, and fed by the parent with inſects: they are afterwards ſupplied with field-

mice, which the kestrel can descry from a great height, as it hovers or wheels slowly round, and on which it darts down instantly. It will sometimes carry off a red partridge much heavier than itself, and often catches pigeons that happen to stray from the flock. Its usual prey, however, besides field-mice and reptiles, is sparrows, chaffinches, and other small birds.

This species being more prolific than most of the rapacious tribe, is more numerous, and more widely diffused. It is found through the whole extent of Europe—from Sweden to Italy and Spain, and even in the more temperate parts of North America.

This bird is the *Falco-Tinnunculus* of Linnæus; and its specific character, as given by him, is, that 'the cere and feet are yellowish; the back rufous, with black points; the breast marked with dusky streaks; the tail rounded.'

The kestrel was formerly trained, in England, to take young partridges and several kinds of small birds.

It is frequently found in the deserts of Tartary and Siberia; it appears in Sweden early in the Spring, and departs in September. It is uncertain whether it proceeds farther north.

THE MERLIN.

This small bird (for it only weighs about five ounces and a half) resembles the common falcon in disposition and courage, but is shaped more like the hobby, though its wings are much shorter, and reach not near to the end of the tail; while in the hobby they project somewhat beyond it. Notwithstanding its diminutive size, it was formerly trained to chase quails and partridges, which it would kill by a single stroke on the head.

The merlin differs from the generality of the rapacious tribe by a character which brings it nearer to the common class of birds; *viz.* the male and female are of the same size. The great inequality of size, therefore, observed between the sexes in birds of prey, seems to depend upon the magnitude; for in the shrikes or butcher-birds, which are still smaller than the merlins, the males and females are likewise of the same size; while in the eagles, the vultures, and the falcons, the female is a third larger than the male.

The merlin flies low, though with great swiftness and ease; it haunts woods and bushes, where it watches for and pursues the small birds; it hunts without being accompanied by the female; it breeds in the mountain forests, and lays five or six eggs.

This bird is the *Falco-Æsalon* of Linnæus, who thus characterises it:—'The cere and feet are yellow; the head ferruginous; the upper side of the body ash-cerulean, with ferruginous spots and streaks; the underside yellowish white, with oblong spots.'

THE GOSS HAWK.

The goss hawk and sparrow hawk, like the merlin, have their wings so short as not to reach near the end of the tail; a character which, among birds of prey, seems to be confined to the hawk kind and the butcher-birds. The goss hawk is nearly of the same size with the white gyr-falcon, but has longer legs than most of the falcon tribe. It is larger than the common buzzard, being one foot ten inches long, but it is of a slender and more elegant shape. The back, neck, and wings, are brown; the belly and under part of the throat white or yellowish white, with longitudinal brown spots the first year, and transverse brown bars afterwards. The bill is of a dirty blue; the legs are featherless; the toes of a deep yel-

low, the nails blackiſh, and the feathers of the tail, which are brown, are marked with very broad bars of a dull grey colour. During the firſt year, the throat of the male is mottled with a reddiſh colour, by which it differs from the female, though it reſembles it in every other reſpect except ſize.

The diſpoſition of the gos-hawk is ſo ferocious that if one of them be left at liberty with ſeveral falcons and hawks, it will kill them all, one after another. M. Buffon kept two, a male and female, in the ſame aviary, but they never ſhewed the leaſt affection for each other, but fought frequently with great fury, and at length the female killed the male, after they had remained five months together.

The gos-hawk is a native of the mountains of Franche Compté, Dauphiny, and Burgundy. It is also found in the neighbourhood of Paris; but it is ſtill more common in Germany than France; and it ſeems to advance to the north as far as Sweden, and to the eaſt and the ſouth as far as Perſia and Barbary: there are alſo varieties of it in America.

This bird is the *Falco-Palumbarius* of Linnæus.

THE SPARROW-HAWK.

The ſparrow-hawk (the *Falco-Niſus* of Linnæus) is about the ſize of a magpie: the female is much larger than the male. The back is of an earth-colour ſprinkled with white ſpots; the under part of the body is more deeply ſtained; the under ſurface of the wings and tail is varied with broad white and narrow dirty ſtripes. There is alſo a white ſparrow-hawk, which has been killed in England.

The ſparrow-hawk is docile, and may be eaſily trained to chaſe partridges and quails: it will alſo catch pigeons that ſtray from the flock, and makes great havoc among the chaffinches and other ſmall birds.

Sparrow-hawks are found ſcattered over the whole of the ancient continent from Sweden, to the Cape of Good Hope. According to Kiempfer, they are common in Japan as well as in every part of the Eaſt Indies.

THE KITE.

The kites and buzzards have the ſame kind of inferiority to the falcons and hawks which the vultures have to the eagles; deſtitute of the courage and generous qualities which diſtinguiſh the latter, and are cowardly and ſlothful, though rapacious. The kite is eaſily diſtinguiſhed, not only from the buzzards but from all other birds of prey, by a ſingle prominent feature: his tail is forked; the middle feathers being ſhorter than the reſt leave a vacancy that may be perceived at a conſiderable diſtance. The wings are alſo longer in proportion than thoſe of the buzzard, and enable him to fly with much greater eaſe. In fact he appears to be perpetually on the wing. The eaſe and elegance of his motion are truly admirable: his long narrow wings ſeem abſolutely fixed; and all his motions appear to be governed by the tail alone, which quivers continually. He riſes without any effort, and deſcends as if he glided down an inclined plane: he accelerates or retards his courſe, ſtops and hovers ſuſpended over the ſame ſpot for a long time without the leaſt motion being obſervable in his wings.

The wings of the kite extend near five feet, though he meaſures only ſixteen or ſeventeen inches from the tip of the bill to the claws, and ſcarcely weighs two pounds and a half. Some of theſe birds, however, are twenty-ſeven inches long, and weigh forty-four ounces. The iris, the cere, and the feet, are yellow; (hence it is called by Linnæus *Falco-Fulvus*): the bill is of a horn colour,

blackish towards the point, and the claws are black. The kite lives principally upon accidental carnage, as almost every bird is able to make good his retreat. His sight is extremely keen, and he can descry his prey on the ground, when soaring, at such a prodigious height as to be beyond the reach of our view. He descends with extreme rapidity upon whatever he can devour without resistance, but attacks only the smaller animals and feeblest birds, particularly young chickens; but the defence of the hen, when she is near enough, is sufficient to make him relinquish his prey.

It was formerly an amusement much in vogue among the great in France, to chase the kite with the sparrow-hawk; from which practice the bird was called *Le Milan Royal*, the royal kite. In these encounters the kite, so dastardly is his nature, though neither deficient in weapons, strength, nor agility, will fly before a sparrow-hawk much smaller than himself; circle and rise, as if to conceal himself in the clouds; and suffer himself to be beaten without resistance, and brought to the ground, not wounded, but overcome more by his own fears than the strength of the assailant.

The kite is extremely common in England and France, and appears to be scattered over the whole of the ancient continent, from Sweden to Senegal; but it seems to be doubtful whether there are any birds of this species in America.

The kite has been supposed by some writers to be a bird of passage; but in England and France they certainly continue the whole year. They commonly build their nests in the hollows of rocks, though some authors have said that they build in forests upon old oaks or firs. The female lays two or three eggs, which are whitish with pale yellow spots, and, like those of all the carnivorous birds, rounder than hens' eggs.

THE BUZZARD.

The buzzard is a sluggish inactive bird, and will often remain whole days together perched on the same bough, and seldom removes to any great distance from his usual residence. In his choice of food he gratifies his native indolence, and eats frogs, mice, worms, or insects, which he can easily seize, rather than birds that must be pursued. He lives in summer by robbing the nests of other birds and sucking their eggs. He more resembles the owl kind, in his countenance, than any other bird of prey. His figure implies the stupidity of his disposition; and so little is he capable of instruction from man, that it is a common proverbial expression to call one who cannot be taught, or continues obstinately ignorant, a buzzard.

This bird is, in length, about twenty or twenty-one inches; the wings, when extended, expand four feet and a half; the tail is only eight inches; and the wings, when closed, reach a little beyond its point. The iris is of a pale yellow, and almost whitish; the cere and feet are yellow; the body dusky; the belly pale, with dirty spots; the tail streaked with dusky colours; the claws black. It is the *Falco-Buteo* of Linnæus.

The female constructs her nest with small branches, lined in the inside with wool and other soft, light, materials. She lays two or three eggs, which are whitish, spotted with yellow. Both the male and female tend their young longer than the other birds of prey, many of which, as has been already observed, expel their brood before they are able to provide with ease for themselves. Ray even affirms, that if the mother happens to be killed at this season, the male buzzard will hatch and rear the young.

The buzzard does not ſeize its prey on the wing, but ſits on a tree, a buſh, or a hillock, and thence darts on the ſmall animals or birds which are not ſufficiently prepared to make effectual reſiſtance.

This ſpecies affords ſo many varieties, that, if we compare five or ſix common buzzards together, we ſhall ſcarcely find two that are alike. Some are entirely white, others have the head only white, and others are mottled with brown and white. Theſe differences are principally to be attributed to age or ſex, for they are all found in the ſame climate.

I cannot conclude this deſcription of the falcon tribes without remarking to your ladyſhip, what cannot but already have occurred to you, that the *diverſion* of falconry and hawking, as well as that of hunting, does no honour to the feelings of thoſe who practiſe it. Strange is it that man, who boaſts his rationality, his ſenſibility, and exalted endowments, ſhould call ſuch cruelty *ſport*, and find a barbarous pleaſure in the terrors, the cries, and the death, of a feeble and wretched animal!

In my next I ſhall proceed to deſcribe the rapacious birds which prey by night, in the different ſpecies of owls.

I remain, with the ſincereſt wiſhes for your ladyſhip's welfare and happineſs,

EUGENIA.

(To be continued.)

SIGNE AND HABOR;

A GOTHIC ROMANCE.

(Continued from page 295.)

THE beams of the glorious orb of day now ſtreamed over the lofty head of the Stevnsklinte *. Signe awaked from light and peaceful ſlumbers, and Syvald aſſiſted her to array herſelf for the ſolemn ceremony of the day. She ſeemed as if attired by the loves and graces. On her head ſhe placed her crown of flowers, with a ſmile of conſcious innocence and pure exultation.

'Beauteous is my lovely friend,' ſaid Svanhild; 'beauteous in her perſon, and ſtill more lovely in her mind.'

Signe ſmiled.

'The recollection,' ſaid ſhe, 'that Habor has proved himſelf a hero, and yet that my brothers are ſafe, perhaps, animates my countenance: it is Habor who adorns me.'

Thus ſpake ſhe in unſuſpicious innocence, for ſhe thought all around her as undiſguiſed and virtuous as herſelf. Gunvor turned pale: her conſcience ſmote her; but the thirſt of gain overpowered its remonſtrances, and ſhe remained firm in her treacherous purpoſe.

When noon approached, began the proceſſion. All the young and beauteous maidens of the city proceeded towards the temple, with crowns of flowers on their heads. Hand in hand they went, joyouſly dancing and ſinging, with enchanting voices, the heroiſm of Habor, and its tranſcendent reward. Signe did not dance, but light was her ſtep as that of the young rein-deer in the Norwegian fields. Scarcely did ſhe touch the earth. For her alone the ſurrounding multitude had eyes. Erect ſhe walked as the towering maſt of ſome ſtately ſhip; the weſt wind wantoned in her robe, and joy animated every motion. All who gazed on her felt inſpired with reverence, while their hearts dilated with the tendereſt wiſhes for her happineſs and welfare.

On the other ſide, the Norwegian hero, attended by all the martial youth of the city, proceeded towards the temple. They wore white tunics, with long white mantles, and

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* A promontory in Zealand.

each had his ſword by his ſide and bore on his arm his ſhield. They advanced dancing and ſinging, but their dance was martial and their ſong manly. They drew their ſwords, and, ſtriking them on their ſhields, ſang the praiſes and happineſs of Signe; for to her was deſtined the braveſt of warriors, the hero of Norway, the friend of Denmark. As when ſome conquering chief, the father of his country, returns home, after having defeated his enemies and given victory and liberty to his countrymen, who rend the air with applauding ſhouts; ſo walked, ſo looked, Habor, amid the acclamations of the admiring multitude.

Habor and the proceſſion of youths firſt entered the temple.—Habor kneeled before Sigar, who, immediately raiſing him from the ground, embraced him, and called him his ſon. He then kneeled to Bera, who likewiſe raiſed him, with diſſembled affection. 'Happineſs attend you!' ſaid ſhe, aloud; but in her heart—'May the eagles rend thy mangled corſe!'—A cold ſhuddering ſeized her limbs; for maternal tenderneſs ſtruggled with her thirſt for revenge, but the cruel deſire of revenge overpowered affection.

Syvald joyfully advanced to meet Habor, and led him to the altar.—Signe now entered the temple, into which the ſurrounding multitudes thronged, and bore her, as it were, in their arms, to the feet of Sigar.

'My wiſhes are fulfilled,' ſaid the aged monarch; 'thou art happy: what more can my heart deſire?'

Paternal tears flowed down his cheeks, while Signe hung on his neck in an ecſtaſy of filial tenderneſs and joy. Bera endeavoured to appear ſatisfied and happy, but it was with difficulty ſhe concealed her confuſion and perplexity. She embraced Signe with an aſſumed tenderneſs. The conſtraint apparent in her manner was remarked by none but Signe; for all were intoxicated with joy, and joy is devoid of ſuſpicion.

Sigar now led his daughter to the altar, with ſlow and ſolemn ſtep. The heart of Habor exulted as ſhe approached, and at length they held each other by the hand, and their beating pulſes met. They ſtood thus for ſome time, as it were entranced, and forgetful of the ceremony they were to perform, till they were reminded by Hafthor, the prieſt of Freya. Signe then took the crown from her head, and laid it on the ground before the image of the goddeſs—

'Goddeſs of love!' ſaid ſhe, 'I lay down my crown before thee, for the braveſt of heroes has won my heart.'

Habor took a chain from his neck.—'Be this,' ſaid he, 'an offering to thee, O Freya! for the moſt tranſcendent of maidens has won my heart.'

The prieſt now placed in the hand of each a horn filled with blood, which they poured into a brazen veſſel that ſtood before the image of the goddeſs.

'As this blood mixes together,' ſaid he, 'ſo may your happineſs, your fates, your hearts, and your ſouls, unite and intermingle! So long as blood ſhall flow in your veins, ſo long as the diſtaff of Freya * ſhall ſhine in the heavens, in life ſhall you be one, one after death, and renew your loves in Freya's hall.'

A ſolemn awe pervaded the whole aſſembly, who worſhipped in profound ſilence; for the goddeſs herſelf ſeemed to be preſent. Even Bera trembled; ſo powerful is the influence of the inviſible divinity even on the impious. Gunvor too ſhuddered, and was obliged to cling to a

* A conſtellation of the northern aſtronomers.

column of the temple for ſupport. At that moment both were ready to confeſs and renounce the evil purpoſes of their vicious hearts; but the feeling was but tranſient, and their native malignity ſoon regained its ſway. Bolviſe alone, hardened in wickedneſs, ſhrunk not, but ſaid to himſelf—'How great will be the pleaſure of deſtroying ſuch happineſs!'

When this impreſſion of religious veneration had ſomewhat ſubſided, Svanhild preſſed the hand of Alger, and ſaid, mild as the gently-breathing zephyr—'Now have I a foretaſte of the joy that awaits me when thou ſhalt vow eternally to be mine.'

'Svanhild,' ſaid Alger, 'I ſaw thee in Signe, and all my thoughts were fixed on my deareſt Svanhild.'

The prieſt now took a cenſer full of burning coals, and, caſting on it ſome ſweet perfumes, incenſed with it Signe and Habor.

'May the gods bleſs you!' ſaid he; 'may they ſhower down on you happineſs, honour, and glory!—May their bleſſings be innumerable as the particles of the ſmoke of theſe perfumes!'

He next took a linen cloth, and giving to each an end of it to hold—'Thus,' ſaid he, 'may you from this day bear together the burden of your lot in life, whatever it may be.'

The betrothed pair then embraced each other, and the ceremony concluded.

When the proceſſion left the temple, Signe and Habor walked at the head of it, hand in hand; Sigar and Bera followed; next came Alger and Svanhild; and Syvald walked with Belviſe. The banqueting continued three days. Beer and mead flowed in profuſion; the tables were covered with various diſhes of fiſh, meat, and fruits; and all indulged, without reſtraint, in joy and merriment, in which even Bera, Bolviſe, and Gunvor, appeared to participate. But the principal joy of Bolviſe was the projected miſchief with which he hoped to ſatiate his envy and malignity; and the delight of Gunvor to think of the gold ſhe had already received, and ſtill more to anticipate that which ſhe expected. Bera ſuffered moſt; for ſhe ſaw the love of Signe for Habor now manifeſt without diſguiſe; but her greateſt pain might be ſaid to produce her greateſt pleaſure, that pleaſure which the hope of revenge can give to baſe and gloomy minds.

Alf could not, on account of his wounds, be preſent at this feſtival. Of his wounds he was rapidly recovering, but indignation at his defeat rancored in his heart.

'Habor,' ſaid he to himſelf, 'owes all his happineſs to my diſgrace; in ſecret he triumphs over me, whatever may be his apparent behaviour. How is it poſſible that we can be friends? He deſpiſes me, and I hate him. What will the Danes ſay of me? "There is the vanquiſhed warrior!"—A Norwegian has vanquiſhed me, and yet he lives! My name is fallen! my glory lies in the duſt!—But my plighted faith—my honour!—Oh, death! come to my aid!'

Bera and Bolviſe found him in this perturbed ſtate of mind. They artfully reminded him of his former great achievements, and the renown he had acquired.

'Heretofore,' ſaid they, 'thou wert invincible, the greateſt hero of the north. Habor is now the fortunate warrior. He commiſerates thee.'

'Commiſerates me! Have I then lived to ſee the day when pity is beſtowed on me?'

His rage was fierce; with difficulty was he pacified, and prevailed upon to reſign himſelf to ſleep. But his ſleep was ſhort and interrupted.—As the fire which has ſeized a lofty building, after conſuming it inter-

nally, at length bursts forth and envelopes the whole in one furious and invincible flame; such was the mind of Alf. In his restless slumbers the fatal goddess Rota* stood before him. She touched him with her javelin, from which distilled thick drops of a powerful liquor which penetrated to his heart.

'Habor lives,' seemed she to say to him, 'and thou permittest him to live, degenerate Alf! He boasts that he is thy conqueror, and has compelled thee to consent that he shall infold Signe in his arms. Arise! Avenge thyself! Avenge Denmark! Behold, I have devoted Habor to death. Arise! strike, slay, destroy him who has deprived thee of thy honour!—thy honour, which thou hast shamefully lost!'

Up leaped Alf franticly from his couch; wild were his looks as those of the despairing malefactor on the scaffold; vengeance glared in his eyes. The words 'honour shamefully lost!' seemed still to resound in his ears, and he repeated them with furious frenzy. Pale and livid was his countenance, all his limbs trembled, his mouth foamed, he gnashed his teeth, tears of rage and despair gushed into his eyes, and he exclaimed 'Vengeance! Vengeance!'

At the same moment entered Bera and Bolvise.

'Vengeance against whom?' asked Bera.

'Against whom but Habor?'

Undisguised and cruel joy sparkled in the eyes of the queen; she applauded the indignation of her son, and Bolvise concurred in the same sentiment. Alf related his dream; and Bolvise, dissembling his real opinion, told him that such dreams were not to be disregarded; for they were sometimes sent by the gods to encourage mortals to great actions. Rage and revenge inclined Alf to believe what he had before contemned, for without superior aid he feared he should not be able to overcome Habor. After some conference, the plan was determined according to which it was judged most advisable to proceed. Alf had wished to challenge Habor immediately to single combat; but Bera and Bolvise represented to him the uncertain issue of such a contest, and that very probably it might be prevented by the people.

The day arrived on which Habor was to depart. He first took leave of Alf, who behaved to him with the utmost coldness. Habor mentioned nothing of what was past, that he might not tear open a recent wound. He took an affectionate leave of Syvald and of Alger; Svanhild wept, and Bera forced into her eyes a false tear. Sigar gave a free course to the feelings of his heart. Tender, affectionate, yet firm and noble, was the behaviour of Signe, and that of the hero her affianced husband, at their separation.

'Embrace for me,' said she, 'thy aged father, and bring him hither: the father of Habor will be dear to me as my own; and the brother of my Habor beloved by me as my own brother. Assemble all my friends, and let them accompany thee. I cannot have too many witnesses of my happiness. Duty carries thee from hence, let Love bring thee back. The gods love the pious.'

'Yes,' replied Habor, 'Love shall bring me back. I will fly on the wings of Love, swift as the raven of the north. Odin will give me a favourable wind, for he has been propitious to me.'

All followed him to the ship, Alf excepted; all wished him happiness and a speedy return; and all were

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* One of the Valkyrias, or virgin goddesses, who wait on the heroes in Valhalla. They were also sent by Odin into battle, to mark out those who were to fall: they may, therefore, be considered as the Fatal Sisters of War.

ſincere in their wiſhes, the queen, her ſon, and their evil counſellor, excepted. Danes and Norwegians joined hands.

'We are now,' ſaid they, 'one people; one ſpirit, one wiſh, animates us all.' On the deck of the ſhip, Signe gave Habor the laſt kiſs. Her tears fell, but they were tears full of hope. Habor affectionately kiſſed them away, while his feelings moiſtened his own eyes.

'I ſee a hero weep!' ſaid Bolviſe.

'Yes,' anſwered Signe; 'Odin himſelf wept for Gunland.'

Svanhild ſank, melting into tears, into the arms of Alger.

'Were it Alger,' thought ſhe, 'and I were parting from him, perhaps never to ſee him more!'—

Habor had a favourable and conſtant wind. He found his brothers in Drontheim, but his father was confined to the bed of ſickneſs. He related his good fortune, and the aged ſovereign appeared to acquire new ſtrength at the recital. Habor was encouraged to communicate to him the purpoſe of his viſit, and to requeſt him and his brothers to accompany him to Denmark.

'I am old and infirm,' ſaid Hamund, 'but where can I better die than in the arms of my ſon and his bride? And ſhould I not attain the happineſs of ſeeing my daughter-in-law, I ſhall die on the ſea, which I have ſo often wiſhed: wherever we breathe our laſt, Valhalla is near us.'

Within four days Hamund and his ſons had made every thing ready for their journey, for they ſaw that Habor was eager to return.

'Such,' ſaid Hamund, 'was my eagerneſs to meet Alvilda.'

Wherever Habor appeared the people crowded round him and bleſſed him.

'Thou,' ſaid they, 'haſt reſtored and confirmed our ancient friendſhip with the brave nation of the Danes: now are we both invincible.'

As ſoon as Habor had departed, Alf prepared to carry into execution the plan that had been concerted by Bera and Bolviſe. He ſignified that he wiſhed to make an expedition, in company with Hildegiſle, to the Orcades, there to acquire pillage and glory.

'Deareſt brother,' ſaid Signe, 'why wilt thou leave me, and not be preſent at the final celebration of my nuptials?

'They may be celebrated without me; my preſence is not neceſſary.'

'Deareſt Alf,' ſaid ſhe, while ſhe preſſed him in her embrace, 'forgive what is paſt; think that Habor is thy friend, thy brother, and my huſband. Recollect thy vow: the gods heard it. Thou art faithful, noble-minded, and brave.'

The heart of Alf began to relent; he claſped his ſiſter in his arms, and the tears ſtarted into his eyes. He had nearly avowed and renounced his cruel purpoſe; his confeſſion was on the point of eſcaping from his lips; when Gunvor, with eagle-eye, perceived his reſolution failing, and, haſtily turning the diſcourſe to another ſubject, gave time to his heart again to harden.

From among thoſe who offered to accompany him in his expedition he choſe only ſuch as were capable of the moſt barbarous deeds, and endowed with a ſavage and ferocious courage; but of theſe he found ſo few, that his ſhips had not a twentieth part of their full number of men, and he was obliged to rely on the Saxons whom Hildegiſle was to aſſemble. Diſappointed paſſion and deſpair actuated Hildegiſle, and he was bound by no engagement of honour. Were Habor once removed out of the way, it ſeemed to him that he might again hope: the mother and the brother were friendly to his wiſhes; and Signe, though ſhe might weep for a time, would, he preſumed, at length forget her grief, and

he might succeed to Habor. 'Am I not,' thought he, 'as nobly descended as he; am I not as brave, and as well formed to win the love of the fair.' Vanity blinded him to his defects, and he eagerly joined in the schemes of Alf against his rival.

After the departure of Alf, Signe became anxious and uneasy. She said nothing; but she was thoughtful, and even melancholy. Svanhild was the first to notice this, for not the least alteration in the countenance or manner of Signe ever escaped her.

'Ought I not,' said Signe, 'to be uneasy, when I reflect that my brother will not forget? He is eager to obtain a great name; he is ardent, and every thing is to be feared.'

'But the virtue and bravery of Habor,' answered Svanhild, 'relieve us from all fear; besides, the gods—.'

'Yes, in the gods I wish to trust; but perhaps my vow was too proud, and by it I have exposed both my brother and my husband to danger. It is true I proposed by it to escape from Hildegisle. He had gained the approbation of my mother, but I was averse to him. I felt he was in no manner formed for me—Yet still I trust in the gods.—But it is not long since you yourself, dearest Svanhild, had your fears.'

'I own,' answered Svanhild, 'I had my fears of Bera; but the affection of a mother seems now to have regained its sway in her heart.'

'Bera!' said Signe, and suppressed a sigh.

'But, dearest Signe,' rejoined Svanhild, 'you was yourself, till within these few days, happy, cheerful, and full of confidence.'

'What we wish,' replied Signe, 'we are easily induced to hope.'

(*To be continued.*)

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

(*With an Engraving, elegantly coloured.*)

THE reign of the *capotes* still continues; never were they more numerous, or made in a greater variety of fashions. Apple green is a favourite colour for them in taffety; we also see them of deep green, rose, light yellow, jonquil, and lilac. Straw hats with very large sides, and of yellow straw, are extremely fashionable: a small *demi-fichu en marmotte* is frequently thrown over them. *White tunics, with long loose sleeves*, are much in vogue. White is indeed become almost the only colour for Jewish tunics and the round robes.

LONDON FASHIONS.

Promenade Dresses.

ROBE of white muslin, with a train petticoat; the robe trimmed with Cambray muslin; the sleeves plain, with full epaulets of the same muslin. A small straw hat, trimmed with pea-green ribbands.

Plain robe of white muslin, with frock sleeves, drawn plain round the bosom; a lace shirt; hat of yellow satin, plaited with black ribband, and turned up all round, with a yellow feather to fall over the left side.

Dress of blue Cambray muslin, made high in the neck, with a collar; long sleeves from the elbow to the wrist of white muslin. Hat of white chip with a silk band, and ornamented with orange-coloured leaves in front.

Plain dress of white muslin. Bonnet of pink and white silk, ornamented with a flower. Shawl with a pea-green border.

Dress of buff Cambray muslin, with a white silk collar, drawn down in puffs; the epaulets very full and drawn up to correspond with the bosom; the back made plain, with white silk frogs.

Robe of lilac cambric sarsnet, shewing the front of the last dress. The hair dressed and ornamented with cameos.

Dress of thin muslin, with a dra-

Engraved for the Ladies Magazine July, 1803.

PARIS DRESS.

pery faſtened on the left ſide, trimmed with lace; the ſleeves of white ſilk, ornamented with beads. The hair dreſſed with a cameo.

General Obſervations.

The prevailing colours are lilac, pink, blue, and pea-green. Small round ſtraw hats, and others of men's ſhapes, are the moſt favourite, ornamented with flowers or white veils. White cloaks of all ſhapes are very general, but the prevailing is the long Spaniſh cloak, which reaches nearly to the ground.

LONG TRAINS *and* SHORT TRAINS.

[*From the French Journal* 'Des Dames et des Modes.']

MR. EDITOR,

YOUR laſt account of Engliſh faſhions, I am ſorry to ſay it, has produced a very diſagreeable effect, by occaſioning diſunion in one of the moſt peaceable and harmonious ſocieties that ever exiſted; for ſuch it really was, though, which you will no doubt think very extraordinary, it was compoſed of Pariſian ladies. Yes, ſir, we were eight warm inſeparable friends; and we are now divided, ſince the appearance of your faſhionable *bulletin,* into two parties. Four of our number, ſince they peruſed that article, have lengthened their robes, and declared decidedly for long trains; while the other four, among whom is your humble ſervant, adhere, from taſte, principle, and alſo from convenience, to the faſhion of dreſſes which do not deſcend below the ancle. After a very intereſting diſcuſſion, which I ſhall proceed to communicate to you, we divided, as I ſaid, into two parties, which may be called the faction of the long trains and the faction of the ſhort trains.

As this ſchiſm has given me not a little pain, ſince it has deprived me of four friends, I ſhall recapitulate all the arguments for and againſt the ſubject in queſtion, and detail the whole diſcuſſion occaſioned by the article in your journal; and, ſince you have excited the diſpute, I truſt you will be ſo generous as, by your authority, to determine it. Perhaps, as you are of the other ſex, you may conceive the ſubject too futile and frivolous for your attention; but you will recollect that you are only the miniſter of faſhion; and you will obſerve, likewiſe, that all our moſt ſerious journaliſts have for more than a month employed their attention on enigmas and charades, to which the queſtion on long and ſhort trains cannot in any manner be conſidered as inferior in weight and conſequence.

But to proceed to facts. I was choſen by my party to ſpeak as advocate for their cauſe, and the following is the manner in which I conducted our defence.

'Ladies,' ſaid I, 'I riſe to ſpeak in behalf of ſhort dreſſes. If I wiſhed to make a parade of my erudition, I might adduce in our favour the practice of the Hungarian, Swediſh, Daniſh, Auſtrian, and Hamburg women, as alſo that of the more diſtinguiſhed part of the ſex of the whole north of Europe. I might likewiſe allege the dreſs of far the moſt numerous claſſes of the females of the continent, the peaſant women and country laſſes, and girls in inferior ſtations. I might likewiſe waſte your time, and perhaps exhauſt your patience, by a prolix diſſertation on the dreſſes of ancient times. But this I ſhall leave to ſome male orator; for I wiſh to prove that women can ſometimes talk leſs and more to the purpoſe than men. Beſides, of what importance is the antiquity of a faſhion compared with

its convenience? And, permit me to aſk you what can be more convenient than a ſhort dreſs? If we walk on foot it touches neither the mud nor the duſt. In a carriage we are not incommoded by it, nor does it hang to the door of the coach, or entangle under your feet on the ſtep, at the hazard of occaſioning falls which may prove extremely dangerous. When the weather is cold we may approach nearer the fire in ſuch dreſſes, without ſo much fearing the diſaſtrous conſequences of a caſual ſpark. Such is their convenience in the winter; and in ſummer it is certainly not leſs evident. In the public walks they do not prevent the gentlemen from walking with us, or coming near us. When at a ball they do not throw down the dancers, but have the advantage of diſplaying the handſome foot of the lady who dances. Yes, ladies, let us not fear ſhewing our feet; but, inſtead of employing the materials of our dreſſes to make long trains, let us uſe them to cover the boſom, the ſhoulders, and the elbows; we ſhall thus ſave ourſelves many grave reproofs from moraliſts, and what is, perhaps, not of leſs conſequence, many preſcriptions of phyſicians.'

Having thus made it clear that ſhort dreſſes unite the advantages of convenience and ornament, and that they are more conducive to health, I think I am undeniably entitled to call upon you to give them the preference.

The lady who acted as counſel on the other ſide now roſe, and took a directly contrary line of argument.

'All women,' ſaid ſhe, 'except Eve (who nevertheleſs was the firſt woman in the world), have worn long trains. Not to mention the Jewiſh or Hebrew women, the Greek and Roman women all wore long trains; witneſs Andromache, Agrippina, Iphigenia, Berenice, Caſſandra, Cornelia, Cleopatra, Emilia, and ſo many others. Long trains, ladies, long trains! No doubt ſome women of the firſt diſtinction in the northern countries may wear ſhort robes, but in all courts long robes are the *etiquette*. A ſhort petticoat gives the air of a country girl, while a long train adds to grace and beſtows dignity. A long train, by raiſing the duſt, ſeems to ſurround beauty with a cloud of legitimate incenſe. A long train prevents the raſh from approaching, and favours the careful addreſs of the elegant and faſhionable. When diſplayed, how truly graceful! When raiſed by a fair hand, how variouſly elegant may be the attitude! and with this ornamental property is united all the convenience on which the lady who preceded me has ſo amply dilated. I muſt therefore demand the preference for long trains.'

The company now proceeded to give their votes, and thus we were divided into two parties. I muſt leave it, Mr. Editor, to your diſcrimination and diſtinguiſhed abilities in every thing relative to faſhion, to unite us again in the ſame opinion, if you may be able. To effect this, however, I am convinced will be very difficult, and I will tell you why.

No ſooner was the queſtion diſpoſed of, than I obſerved that every one of thoſe ladies who had declared in favour of ſhort dreſſes, and ſuch as were cloſe over the boſom, had a handſome foot, but no breaſt; while, on the contrary, all thoſe who had given their vote for long trains had a well-made breaſt, but an ill-turned leg. This being the caſe, I am afraid, Mr. Editor, it will be eaſier to alter our ſhape than to induce us to change our opinion on theſe ſubjects.

You muſt excuſe me from ſigning

my name, but I am your *Constant Reader*,—and wait your answer with impatience.

DETACHED THOUGHTS.

To praise our enemies is either a great virtue or great treachery.

Distrust him who does a good action too publicly.

A benefit repaid by gratitude no longer appertains to the benefactor: ingratitude restores it to him entire.

The opportunities of making our fellow-creatures happy are more rare than is usually imagined: the punishment for having neglected them is not to meet with them again.

Science is like land, one can possess but a small portion of it.

Afflictions are in morals what bitters are in medicine.

In works of genius, as in mechanics, time increases force.

Hope is the aliment of the soul, but it is always mixed with the poison Fear.

Honour is a kindly mixture of respect for one's-self and for mankind.

What is dispute?—An offering made in the temple of Pride, instead of that of Truth.

Dispute, when it is moderate, is a useful shock, which developes the germ of ideas and shakes down the fruits of the mind.

A rapid reader too frequently resembles a traveller who thinks he can acquire a knowledge of a country by riding through it post.

It happens to persons who are undeservedly extolled as to the Spaniards in Araucana, whom the Indians, at first, took for divinities; but on whom they revenged their mistake, when they were convinced, by their vices, that they were men.

Notwithstanding the multitude of works that are produced, we are taught only one half the things which we ought to know. A great deal has been written on the art of speaking, but scarcely any thing on the art of listening.

Massieu, the celebrated deaf and dumb pupil of the still more celebrated Sicard, being asked 'What is gratitude?' immediately wrote down —'It is the memory of the heart.' He was again asked—'What is eternity?' His answer was—'A continual day, without a yesterday or a to-morrow.'

The comparisons so commonly made between the rose and pleasure shew of how transient a nature the latter is, and how soon it fades away.

Pleasures are in general like odours, which are frequently noxious in proportion as they are agreeable.

Misfortune disposes the mind to tenderness and friendship; because, having no resource but in the intercourse of confidence, the unhappy attach themselves with warmth to those who will listen to the recital of their griefs and sympathise with them in their sufferings.

The mouth of the wicked is like the box of Pandora; when it opens, calumnies and mischiefs are diffused through society.

The future is an idol at the feet of which we are continually prostrate; like Janus, it has two faces, one of which excites fears, while the other inspires hopes.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

PERAMBULATORY MUSINGS FROM BLENHEIM HOUSE, IN OXFORDSHIRE, TO TITLEY, HEREFORDSHIRE *.

[*From Mr. G. Dyer's Poems.*]

WHERE Blenheim's turrets rise to view,
And where, at length to Nature true,
Grave Vanbrugh, wearying long his head,
Soften'd down his house of lead †,
And where, as bends the spacious dome,
The rival arts of Greece and Rome
Still live in Rysbrac's free design,
And still in Rubens' colouring shine;
Where Marlborough's valour, Marlborough's praise,
The fair-wrought tapestry displays,
Mid varying pleasure through the day,
Who might not linger life away?
Or now, as spreads the fair domain,
O'er lake or lawn, o'er hill or plain,
Thro' woods, and groves, or vista clear,
The crystal riv'let sparkling near,
Still loit'ring idly gay along,
Muse, as inspir'd, the sylvan song ‡?
How vain the wish! how quick the change!
Thro' simpler scenes my footsteps range,
Where Nature smiles in peerless grace,
And Art but claims the second place;
Scenes, trimm'd by Shenstone, neat and gay,
Where Faunus' self might pipe all day,
So simple, too, that not a swain
But there might wake his rudest strain.
Hail, Leasowes § ! now I climb thy hill,
Now bless the babbling of each rill,
Now wander down the fairy glade,
Till rous'd I hear the hoarse cascade,
And glows again through ev'ry grove
The soul of Poesy and Love;
Then soft I sigh in pastoral strain ||,
Nor dream of Blenheim-house again.
Sometimes sad, and sometimes gay,
Like careless pilgrim still I stray,
Till soon arriv'd at Hagley bow'r ¶ :
I sigh to linger there an hour:
Where Lyttelton, in learned ease,
Polish'd his verse, and prun'd his trees;
Where Pope, the tuneful groves among,
Soft, as at Twickenham, pour'd the song;
And Thomson fix'd in colours clear
The changeful seasons of the year.
Hail, classic scenes! the willing Muse
Her flow'rs of many-mingling hues
Might here entwine, and once again
Hagley bloom forth in cheerful strain.
Then farewell Shenstone's simpler scene;
The rustic seat, the meadow green,
Willows that near the riv'let weep,
The murm'ring bees, the milk-white sheep;

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* This poem intends to show the effect of variety on the human mind, as well as the pleasure of female society, and not to compare together with the most discriminating accuracy the different places alluded to, though discrimination is not entirely overlooked.

† The general style of Vanbrugh is here alluded to, and not the character of this particular building. After some observations on the Greek and Roman architecture, Gilpin well remarks of Blenheim, 'Vanbrugh's attempt seems to have been an effort at genius; and if we can keep the imagination apart from the five orders, we must allow, that he has created a *magnificent whole*, which is invested with an air of grandeur, seldom seen in a more regular kind of building. What made Vanbrugh ridiculous, was his applying to small houses a style of architecture, that could not possibly succeed but in a large one.' *Observations relative chiefly to Picturesque Beauty*, part ii. chap. 3.

‡ The scenery, on entering the great gate from Woodstock, is the master-piece of the great improver Brown, who used to say, alluding to the lake, 'The Thames would never forgive what he had done at Blenheim.' Price, however, in his *Essay on the Picturesque*, has minutely criticised it.

§ The residence, properly the *adorned farm*, of the late William Shenstone, the poet.

|| It was intended somewhat to characterise Shenstone's poetry in these lines. It has been well done by Gray. 'But then there is Mr. Shenstone, who trusts to nature, and simple sentiment;—why does he not do better?—He goes on hopping about his own gravel-walks; and never deviates from the beaten paths, for fear of being lost.' *Gray's Letter to Warton, in Mason's Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Gray.*

¶ The seat of lord Lyttelton.

When Hagley's beauties rise to view,
Yes! I could bid you all adieu*!
Ever musing, ever ranging,
Ever pleas'd, yet ever changing,
Murm'ring onward still I go,
As brooks thro' winding valleys flow,
That sparkle still, and still complain,
That ev'ry rude restraint disdain,
And, gliding on some latent ore,
Steal something not possess'd before;
Then flow along in headlong haste,
And babble o'er the fenny waste.
Ah! then does Nature deck in vain
The hill and vale, the grove and plain?
And can her curious hand supply
Nothing to fix this vagrant eye?
Shall art still vary, still improve
The winding walk, the tapering grove,
And yet man's restless heart implore
With miser-mutt'ring something more?
Thus onward flow I bend my way,
Till soon to Titley-house I stray;
And now delights me most of all
The fair retreat of Titley-hall,
Where near fair Eywood's seat is seen,
And Oxford † smiles like Beauty's queen,
Where Shobden's terrace glitters high,
And varying mountains meet the sky.
But when such num'rous charms invite,
Why most does Titley-house delight?
Eliza there, melodious maid,
Such measures to my ear convey'd,
As, had Cecilia been but near,
Cecilia had not scorn'd to hear:
Softly sad, or sweetly strong,
She directs the varied song,
To native scenes new charms can give,
And bid the breathing landscape live;
Or, as the Sports and Loves inspire,
Wakes the soul-subduing lyre:—
Hence I welcom'd most of all
The fair retreat of Titley-hall.
Vocal groves, and tuneful streams,
Kindling wild poetic dreams,
Where Dryad nymphs are wont to
stray,
Or Naïads swim in wanton play;
Mounts that climb Jove's vaulted sky,
While Ocean's god rolls thundering by;
Valleys rich, and meadows fair,
Touch'd with Flora's pencil rare,
Rare, as when the nymph was led
By Zephyrus to his bridal bed,
(Then pencil'd did the fields appear
In all the glories of the year:)
Widest glens, and deepest glades,
Curving walks, and hoarse cascades,
All that Nature loves t' impart,
Or owns the plastic charm of Art;
All that Fancy durst conceive,
Or Fiction's various hand can weave;
All must cloy the sated eye
Till Beauty's lovely form be nigh:
Where Woman walks, there seems
t' appear
The Venus of the smiling year;
Far from her we feed on sighs,
Though roving fields of Paradise.

* The design however at Hagley is allowed to be more obscure, minute, and trifling, as well as possessed of less variety, than the Leasowes:—the author's object should be kept in view, which is to delineate the effect of variety on the mind.

† The seat of the earl and countess of Oxford.

ANSWER TO LINES

Addressed to a young Gentleman,

IN THE MAGAZINE FOR JUNE, 1803.

Many thanks to my friend for the trouble he takes
To point out the lass who's to bless me for life;
But, resolv'd to prevent matrimonial mistakes,
I'll ne'er choose by proxy a partner for life.

British fair, both for virtue and beauty renown'd!
Lovely lasses! must laugh at that lover so blind
Who can't seek for himself, and by looking around,
'Midst so many fine lasses, find one to his mind.

On the beauties of person and mind then you dwell,
Prefer them by far to the splendor of gold?
Still virtue and wealth, in my mind, far excell
All the charms love and poverty ever unfold.

Still I thank you, my friend, for your trouble and care
In providing a pilot to steer me through life.
If you'll call, your young friend has a bottle to spare;
But, pardon him, sir, he will choose his own wife.

July 1, 1803.

INSCRIPTION,

Written on an Hermitage in one of the Islands of the West-Indies.

BY MARIA RIDDELL*.

[*From the 'Metrical Miscellany.'*]

WITHIN this rural cot I rest,
With Solitude to cool my breast;
And, while beneath th' umbrageous bow'r,
Content beguiles each roseate hour;
And while with Anna oft I rove,
Soft friendship's mutual sweets to prove;
I scorn the pageants of the great,
Nor envy power and empty state.
No thoughtless mortals e'er invade
The sacred limits of this glade;
No busy footsteps here are seen,
To print the flow'r-enamell'd green:
But, far remote from pomp and noise,
No care my happiness destroys;
Save when the lov'd idea reigns
Of distant Albion's blissful plains,
Far, far remov'd; perhaps, no more
Destin'd to hail my natal shore.
(Perhaps, Horatio, thy dear form
No more these languid eyes may charm,
No more this faithful bosom warm!)
Here, safe in this sequester'd vale,
The stock-doves pour their tender tale;
Here, too, the peaceful halcyons rest,
And weave, secure, their downy nest;
Or sportive now, on azure wing,
Flutter in many an airy ring;
Expanding, gorgeous, as they fly,
Their sapphire plumage to the sky.
Soon as Aurora wakes the dawn,
I press, with nimble feet, the lawn,
Eager to deck the fav'rite bow'r
With ev'ry opening bud and flow'r;
Explore each shrub and balmy sweet,
To scatter o'er my mossy seat;
And teach around in wreaths to stray
The rich pomegranate's pliant spray.
At noon, reclin'd in yonder glade,
Panting beneath the tamarind's shade;
Or where the palm-tree's nodding head
Guards from the sun my verdant bed;
I quaff, to slake my thirsty soul,
The cocoa's full nectareous bowl.
At eve, beneath some spreading tree,
I read the inspir'd poesie
Of Milton, Pope, or Spenser mild,
And Shakspeare, Fancy's brightest child:
To tender Sterne I lend an ear,
Or drop o'er Heloise the tear;
Sometimes with Anna tune the lay,
And close in song the cheerful day.
'T is thus the circling year is spent
In harmony and sweet content;
And when (should Fortune so ordain)
I view my native realms again,
I'll ne'er forget the tranquil hours
I spent in India's spicy bow'rs;
Nor e'en prefer the world's great stage
To this sequester'd Hermitage.

* The author was then but sixteen.

SONGS.

I. THE FOE OF THE FACE:

Sung by Mr. Dignum, at the Festival of the Royal Jennerian Society.

LET Antiquity tell of her heroes so bold,
Who hydras have vanquish'd in fables of old;
Our hero we hail, and the day of his birth,
Who foils a dread monster that ravag'd the earth;
For thus will we fight the dire foe of the face,
Who spoils us of beauty, and murders our race.

The foe at whose sight the gay palace has mourn'd,
Who rifles the bloom that the cottage adorn'd,
Who mars youth and age with his horrible torture,
We'll join heart and hand, and allow him no quarter;
For thus will we fight, &c.

Ye soldiers, all ardent your courage to prove,
In defence of the land and the ladies you love,
To arms!—let us save the fair hopes of the nation,
And this tyrant pursue till he meet extirpation;
For thus will we fight, &c.

And ye whose calm bosoms contention abhor,
Who shrink at the sounds and the weapons of war;
Yet haste to our aid, at Humanity's call,
Till Nature prevail, and the monster must fall;
For thus will we fight, &c.

All nations, all ages, all ranks, shall combine,
In this war of benevolence, just and divine;
O'er the world, betwixt man and his brother be peace,
But with man's cruel foe may the strife never cease!
For thus will we fight, &c.

II. *Written by* R. BLOOMFIELD, *and sung on the same Occasion with the preceding.*

Come hither, mild Beauty, that dwell'st on the mountain,
Sweet handmaid of Liberty, meet us to-day;
Thy votary's Philanthropy; ask from thy fountain
A soul-cheering nectar wherewith to be gay.
The cup may o'erflow, and new grapes still be growing;
The eyes of the drinker resplendently shine;
But grant us, bright nymph, with thy gifts overflowing,
To lighten our hearts and to relish our wine.

Is Beauty's gay rose-bud a prize worth ensuring?
Its guardianship rests with the friends of our cause:
Shall we mark unconcern'd what the blind are enduring *?
No! mercy and peace are the first of our laws.
Wave streamers of vict'ry, be brav'ry requited,
Be sails in all climes still with honour unfurl'd;
All lovers of man with our cause are delighted:
'T is to banish the fears and the tears of the world.

All nations shall feel, and all nations inherit,
The wonderful blessing we place in their view;
And if in that blessing a mortal claims merit,
Oh, *Jenner*, your country resigns it to you!
From the field, from the farm, come the glorious treasure †;
May its life-saving impulse, all fresh as the morn,
Still spread round the earth without bounds, without measure,
Till Time have forgot when his *Jenner* was born!

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* It is worthy of remark, that, in the school for the indigent blind, in St. George's-fields, the loss of sight in more than *one half* of the children has been occasioned by small-pox.

† The vaccine fluid.

III. THE CRIPPLED SOLDIER.

Tune—'Beggar Girl.'

Oh! pity a soldier, all woe-worn and lame,
Who, in fighting your battles, is cover'd with scars;
I fought not for wealth, but for honour and fame;
Now behold me a cripple, return'd from the wars!
May each heart of beneficence melt at my tale,
And pity the soldier all woe-worn and lame;
For the storm knows no mercy, and hard blows the gale!
Pray spare me a trifle, and save me from shame.

Far distant from hence my poor family dwell;
Their lot is most wretched, and hard to be borne;
My wife, to support them, once matches did sell;
But now she is dead, and they 're left quite forlorn.
May each heart of beneficence, &c.

To them I am trav'ling, but lame as you see;
The journey is more than my limbs can well bear:
I am driven to beg and to bend on my knee,
And request the small pittance your goodness will spare.
May each heart of beneficence, &c.

Reliev'd by your bounty beyond my best hope,
To the home of my youth I go forward with glee;
With the journey my strength will be able to cope,
And my heart will remember your kindness to me.
May each generous heart that was mov'd at my tale,
And pitied the soldier all woe-worn and lame,
Be rewarded by Heav'n; for, when hard blew the gale,
They spar'd me a trifle, and sav'd me from shame.

July 4, 1803. J. M. L.

IV. A PICTURE OF FRANCE.

Tune—'HEARTS OF OAK.'

THE nation of France is a nation of fools,
They fondle and fawn on each rascal that rules;
They have prov'd themselves also a nation of knaves,
And when first they revolted they made themselves slaves:
But Old England, more blest, boasts a fine race of men,
Who always are ready,
And always are steady,
To fight and to beat them again and again.

Sans Culottes they were nam'd, and then Robespierre led,
And all who were rich at the guillotine bled;
But that tyrant at length met the same fate himself,
And his enemies shar'd all his plunder [and pelf.
But Old England, &c.

His successors not long over France held the sway,
But, like those before them, were soon [swept away;
Thus each villainous faction in turn went to pot,
In oblivion were buried, and quickly forgot.
But Old England, &c.

Thus they chang'd for some time, till a meteor arose;
The Corsican came, and he crush'd all his foes:
He waded through blood, Virtue fled at his name;
Thus he rose,—thus at last he their chieftain became.
But Old England, &c.

'Tis not easy to paint his ambition in rhyme,
And First Consul assuag'd it a very short time;
He dreams that an emperor soon he shall be—
Of the Gauls, or the West, is the same [thing to me.
But Old England, &c.

But I fear that, when grac'd with an emperor's vest,
His passion for power will ne'er let him rest;
He will strive, like the Romans, in days that are past,
To be master of Europe, though ever so [vast.
But Old England, &c.

Thus we see that the French, for a series of years,
Like a pilot unskilful for harbour that steers,
Have been struggling for freedom, but quite miss'd their aim;
The substance is gone, and they 've only the name.
But Old England, &c.

Oh! grant, ye kind pow'rs! that our own native isle,
Blest with freedom and plenty, for ages may smile;
Grant that dire revolutions may never invade
The content of our homes, or the hopes of our trade.
But if Frenchmen dare fight, we 've a fine race of men,
Who always are ready,
And always are steady,
To fight and to beat them again and again.

July 4, 1803. J. M. L.

THE WISH OF A FRIEND.

WHEREVER you dwell, may content be your lot;
And friendship, like ivy, encircle your cot!
May each rosy morn, dress'd in mantle of peace,
Shed health o'er your cot, and your blessings increase!
May gay smiling Plenty adorn the fair spot!
May Sorrow ne'er enter the door of your cot!
But Friendship and Love in your dwelling reside,
And a virtuous wife o'er your cottage preside!
May your honest endeavours be crown'd with success!
May you ever live happy—ne'er witness distress!
May Good-humour and Mirth, in your rural retreat,
In thy cottage of Friendship, with Innocence meet!
On thy neat humble roof may these blessings descend!
'T is the wish free from guile—'t is the wish of a friend.

Kingsland, July 1, 1803. J. M.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Bruſſels, June 14.

WE learn, in an official manner, that the firſt conſul will leave Paris in the courſe of this week, to undertake his journey to the Belgic departments. The following has been publiſhed by the prefect to the mayor of Bruſſels.

'I haſten, citizen, to inform you, that I have been *officially* informed that the firſt conſul ſets out this week upon his journey to the Belgic departments. I write you to accelerate the preparations for his reception.

'DOULCET PONTECOLANT.'

Oſnaburgh, June 15. Our garriſon is compoſed at preſent of ſixteen hundred French infantry, under the command of general Dronet. It is to be reinforced without delay by four hundred huſſars. It is poſitively aſſerted that a conſiderble body of troops is to come to take poſſeſſion of our country, and that the head-quarters will be eſtabliſhed here.

Paris, June 16. Lieutenant-general Mortier, commander in chief of the army of Hanover, informs the miniſter at war, that he entered the city of Hanover on the 5th June; that the moſt exact diſcipline has been preſerved, and that two ſoldiers of the forty-eighth demi-brigade, who had been convicted of having committed pillage and other exceſſes, have been ſhot. The army found there fifteen thouſand new muſquets; five thouſand pair of piſtols; ſixty ammunition-waggons, provided with good horſes; one hundred pieces of artillery, of different calibres; the component parts of a bridge, fit for the paſſage of the Elbe; magazines filled with powder; a foundery in the beſt condition, and amply ſupplied.

According to the documents found in the garriſon of Hameln, above five hundred pieces of cannon have been ſurrendered to the French army. The general of brigade Frere, who occupies Harbourgſtadt, is on his march to Cuxhaven; and for the purpoſe of intercepting the paſſage of all Engliſh veſſels that may be on the Elbe, general Rivaud, who occupies Verden, is charged with the execution of a ſimilar plan on the courſe of the Weſer to its mouth. The park of field-artillery belonging to the army of Hanover, which is at Zell, has been given up to general Dulaloy, commander of the artillery: it conſiſts of forty field-pieces, provided with good horſes.

General Mortier adds, that although he found but little money in the different public cheſts, yet it will be ſufficient to provide for the payment of the troops, and that in future the French army in Hanover is to receive only its orders from the firſt conſul.

The inventories already received from the different garriſons of Hanover make the contents of the magazines amount to more than four hundred thouſand pounds of powder, three millions of cartridges, and forty thouſand muſquets.

The returns of the Hanoverian army, now priſoners of war, make the infantry amount to twenty-ſix battalions, of five hundred men each, officers included, which is from eleven to twelve thouſand men. The cavalry is twenty-two ſquadrons, forming together above four thouſand men. The number of men belonging to the artillery is about ſeven hundred. The garriſon of the fortreſs of Hameln conſiſted of three battalions of infantry, a ſquadron of cavalry, a regiment of veterans, conſiſting of one thouſand men, four officers of engineers, and an officer of miners. General Dulaloy writes, that he is engaged with the greateſt activity in organiſing his great park of artillery; that it wants for nothing, and that it abounds with warlike ſtores.

18. Chaptal, the miniſter of the interior, has written a letter to the prefect of the department of the North, ſketching out the firſt part of the route of the firſt conſul in his viſit to the Low Countries. He is to ſleep at Amiens, Boulogne, Calais, Dunkirk, Liſle, Oſtend, Ghent, Antwerp, and Bruſſels. At the

last city he is to arrange the plan of the remaining part of his journey.

Genoa, June 18. The English fleet in the Mediterranean has been considerably reinforced; one division blockades the ports of Porto Ferrajo and Leghorn; another is cruising in the Strait of Messina, to prevent the French from passing over to Sicily; and frigates are stationed before the principal ports of the kingdom of Naples.

A brigantine, which arrived here on the 12th, deposes to having seen eighteen sail of English ships steering a westerly course.

A Danish ship, which arrived the day before yesterday from Spain, met, off Cape Corse, an English squadron of seventeen sail, proceeding towards Gibraltar with the troops from Egypt.

A Ragusan ship, from Cadiz, arrived yesterday. Off Porto Maurizio she fell in with an English squadron of eleven sail of the line.

Hanover, June 19. Citizen Rapp, adjutant-general of the first consul, arrived in this city on the evening of the 17th, after having successively visited the ports and maritime cities which are to be occupied by the French army, particularly Stadt and Cuxhaven. Immediately after his arrival, he set out with general Mortier, to inspect the fortress of Hameln. They returned this morning together.

It is known that the deputies of Calenburg-Grubenhagen, of Hoya Lunenburg, Bremen, Verden, and Lauenburg, assembled here immediately after the conclusion of the convention of the 3d. They came to a resolution to send a deputation from among them to the first consul. The choice fell upon Mr. Ramdonz, counsellor of the superior tribunal of appeal at Celle, and Mr. Hinuber, counsellor of legation. These deputies left this the 10th, to proceed by Gottingen to Paris. General Mortier inspected their passports. The deputies of Osnaburg had not arrived at the time of their departure: those of Lauenburg take no part in this mission, because their country is not occupied by French troops.

By the fifth article of the convention of Suhlingen, all the arms and artillery are to be given up to the French. The artillery of Hameln and of this city consists of three hundred and fourteen pieces of ordnance, forty-five mortars, about five howitzers, and ten iron field-pieces. Braun, colonel of artillery, has besides surrendered at Celle five howitzers, twenty-two six-pounders, and fourteen three-pounders; the French troops have also received all the pontons. Each Hanoverian horse battery carried three, and each battery of the line two pieces of artillery. About thirty-nine thousand musquets and five thousand pair of pistols have been supplied to the French. Independent of all these, several small parcels of artillery have returned to Hanover from the territory of Lauenburg. Eight English horses, of an Isabella colour, belonging to the king's stud, have also been sent from Lauenburg to Hanover.

Hamburgh, June 20. The French returned to Cuxhaven on Tuesday, the 13th *ultimo*, to the number of three hundred; and, on Wednesday, the French minister made known *officially* to our senate the *good* dispositions of the first consul; and when asked why they had possessed themselves of Cuxhaven? it was answered, that it was a *simple military disposition*; that the Prussians had done so in the affair of the northern confederacy; and, further, to prevent the British from having recourse to it for a hostile purpose. It is just now said, that Russia has declared against France: we wish for the confirmation of it.

Frankfort, June 22. The deputies of the Hanoverian regency, who set out for Paris, passed through Frankfort on the 16th. They had an audience of his Prussian majesty the evening before, at Wilhelmsbade. According to accounts received here, the electoral minister of Hanover has been removed from Heldesheim to Ratzburg, a city in the territory of Lauenburg.

Utrecht, June 23. The second battalion of the regiment of Saxe-Gotha, that was in garrison at Schoonhoven, passed through this city to-day, on its way to Bildt, whence it is to continue its route for Deventer or its environs.—The second squadron of Batavian dragoons, which was proceeding from Deventer to Haarlem, received orders yesterday, on its march, to return to its former garrison. The first battalion of the sixth Batavian demi-brigade is also

on its march from Leyden to Deventer. The first battalion of the fifth demi-brigade, after having returned hither from Zwol to proceed to Hardwicke, had again received counter-orders the day before yesterday; it was yesterday sent back, on its march to the environs of Deventer. Numerous corps of French troops are proceeding from all quarters to the same destination.

Hanover, June 25. His royal highness the hereditary prince of Denmark arrived in this city on the 22d, under the name of count Storman, accompanied by his two sons, princes Christian Frederick and Frederick Ferdinand.—Notwithstanding the rigorous *incognito* which this prince observed in his journey, the commander in chief, general Mortier, sent to meet him a guard of honour of seventy dragoons, who escorted his carriage. His royal highness, on alighting at his lodging, found also a guard of honour of two hussars and two grenadiers. In the evening the prince was at the play, in general Mortier's box, and next morning set off for Neudorf, with an escort of forty hussars.

27. People talk here of the speedy passage of the Elbe by the French troops. All the vessels at Stade, Lunebourg, and Harbourg, have been put in a state of requisition. The Hanoverians have retained all the vessels on the opposite bank of the Elbe. The French troops are in motion throughout all Hanover: they are advancing in great haste towards the environs of Lunebourg, where they are to form an army of seventeen thousand infantry and two thousand cavalry. Provisions are conveying from all quarters to the same destination.—The head quarters of the French army will be transferred hence to-morrow to Lunebourg.

28. Yesterday evening general of artillery Dulaloy and the field-commissary of the French army set off for Lunebourg. General Mortier, accompanied by the adjutant-general Rapp and the general of division Ransoutz, commandant of the cavalry, took the road this morning for the same place. General Berthier will follow to-morrow.

General Mortier, having concluded the convention of Suhlingen, under the condition that it should be ratified by the first consul; and Bonaparte insisting upon the disarming of the Hanoverian army, the French troops approach the Elbe to execute that disarmament.

Paris, July 1. Mr. Green, a member of the English parliament, is just arrived in France, to constitute himself a prisoner of war, in the room of one of his countrymen, who is desirous of returning to his family, to receive those attentions which his age and health require. Mr. Green has been received in France with that respect which his generous conduct deserves.

Boulogne, July 1. The first consul is arrived within our walls. The constituted authorities presented each addresses of congratulation. The address of the council of the first district of the department of the Pas de Calais contains the following expressions:

'You will attack London in London, and this new Carthage shall be destroyed. The people of Boulogne, the nearest to these proud islanders, have already seen the laurels of Nelson fade before their port, they wait for Cornwallis, his successor, to prove to him, that the French, who conquered one Cornwallis in America, have not degenerated.'

Brussels, July 1. All the brigades composing the thirty-second squadron of *gendarmerie* formed a junction yesterday at Brussels, and were reviewed by general Grange, inspector-general of the *gendarmerie*. It appears, that, after leaving Brussels, the first consul will proceed directly by Tongres to Maestricht. He will visit the plain upon which the battle of Lawfelt was fought, as well as the new road which is to be made between these cities. Bonaparte will afterwards pass through Liege and Tongres, for the purpose of visiting the theatre of the battle of Raucourt. At every step are to be met, in our country, places rendered famous by the engagements and battles that have been fought there. There is scarce any part of the Low Countries that has not been many times drenched with the blood of the warriors of Europe.

3. All the English still in this city, who are objects of the *arrête* of government relative to the English detained in France as prisoners of war, are certainly to leave this city for Valenciennes.

HOME NEWS.

Grantham, June 19.

A FEW days fince, a gypfey fortune-teller went to the houfe of a perfon near this town, and, finding his wife at home, perfuaded her that fhe would produce a thoufand pounds, if the latter would confent to be locked in the cellar while fhe performed her incantations; to which the fimple woman confenting, the fortune-teller decamped with a 5*l.* note and a number of filver fpoons.

Dover, July 1. The Auckland, capt. Hammond, arrived here laft night from Calais. Bonaparte was not then arrived, but was expected every hour; the ftreets were decorated with green boughs, &c. to welcome his arrival. It is currently reported at Calais, that the communication will be opened by packets as flags of truce again on their fide; and the captains of the French packets hold themfelves in readinefs to come every day.—This morning the Drie Goofters, Pruffian paffage-veffel, P. Reverry, mafter, arrived here from Calais, with Mr. Horfley and family, and feven other paffengers. A firing was heard at Calais laft night after they got out of port; and they fuppofe Bonaparte was arrived there from Boulogne. A heavy firing has been heard moft part of to-day on the French coaft; by fome it is fuppofed to be an action with fome floops of war and gun-boats; others fay fir Sidney Smith is bombarding Calais; and it is fo very thick, that we cannot fee above a mile or two from our own fhore.

London, July 2. The new houfes in the neighbourhood of Ruffel-fquare having been repeatedly robbed of the lead in a fhort time after it was laid on the roofs, the builders have lately taken the precaution of fitting up a room in the upper part of the houfe as foon as poffible after the roof was on, for the purpofe of a man to fleep in, to keep watch.—Yefterday morning, between three and four o'clock, a man, who was keeping watch in a houfe, in Coram-ftreet, Brunfwick-fquare, was alarmed by hearing fome perfon taking the lead off the roof, upon which he went down ftairs, to get the affiftance of the watchmen, to fecure the robber: the alarm being given, a number of perfons joined in the purfuit, which continued for about an hour and a half; during this time the thief efcaped from building to building, and at length got into a chimney, where he was, however, difcovered. Thofe in purfuit of him threw bricks down the chimney upon him, which obliged him to quit that fituation, and he got from that building by means of fliding down the rafters, in the front of which a number of perfons were affembled to prevent his efcaping: he endeavoured to get out backwards, when an inhabitant of Hunter-ftreet difcharged a blunderbufs at him as he entered the garden, the contents of which lodged in his body, and he expired in a few minutes. On examination, they were found to have entered his belly and thighs, and he likewife appeared to be wounded under his left ear, fuppofed by a fhot from one of the piftols difcharged at him in his flight. His appearance was that of a man in great diftrefs; and he is fuppofed to have been a fhoemaker, as a pair of fhoemaker's pincers was found upon the roof of the building where he was firft feen.

4. Saturday afternoon, about three o'clock, a thunder-ftorm commenced, which, particularly in the north-eaft part of the city, and the adjacent country, was tremendoufly awful. During the ftorm the lightning, defcending by the chimney of the houfe of Mrs. Colley, the India Arms, Blackwall, after fhattering the houfe confiderably, ftruck the fervant-maid, who was two hours before fhe was tolerably recovered. The houfe adjoining was alfo materially injured. Two boats were blown over; and, but for the timely affiftance of a boat from Somerfet-houfe, two men would inevitably have perifhed. The lightning fet fire to a carpenter's fhop in Gravel-lane,

Southwark. The ſhavings and other combuſtibles were inſtantly in a blaze, but were happily ſoon extinguiſhed by the endeavours of two men, who were at work when the accident happened.

5. Yeſterday, about one o'clock, the inhabitants of Coram-ſtreet, Ruſſell-ſquare, were alarmed by the ſcreams of a woman, at intervals calling out murder. The cries were traced to the apartments of a journeyman ſhoemaker, in Little Coram-ſtreet; and, on the room being entered, the wife of the man was diſcovered with her throat cut in a ſhocking manner. This had been perpetrated by her huſband as they were ſitting at dinner, in conſequence of a trifling diſpute. The man was ſecured, and a conſtable ſent for, who took him to the public-office, Bow-ſtreet, where he underwent an examination before ſir Richard Ford, who committed him for further examination till the fate of his wife is known.

7. Yeſterday, upwards of forty perſons, taken into cuſtody the preceding night, under authority of privy ſearch-warrants, principally at a public-houſe of ill fame in Tottenham-court-road, and another near Leiceſter-ſquare, were brought before Nicholas Bond, eſq. and ſir William Parſons, for examination at Bow-ſtreet, when many of them not being able to give a good account of themſelves, and being able men, were ſent on board the tender at the Tower to ſerve his majeſty. Two very notorious characters among them were arreſted in the office for pretended debts, no doubt for the purpoſe of preventing their being ſent to ſea, as the writs were dated only yeſterday, and at the ſuit of perſons as notorious as themſelves, but which the magiſtrates could not prevent the execution of, as there was no particular charge againſt the priſoners before them.

8. Robert Aſtlett, a caſhier of the Bank of England, was tried at the Old Bailey for feloniouſly ſtealing, ſecreting, and embezzling, certain exchequer-bills, to the amount of between two and three hundred thouſand pounds; but it appearing that the bills had not been ſigned, as required by law, by the auditor of the exchequer, the court directed an acquittal, and he was accordingly acquitted, but detained on a civil action for debt.

The priſoner had been arraigned on this charge the preceding ſeſſions, but the informality in the ſigning the bills being admitted, it was thought an alarm might be excited ſhould it be publicly known that they had no legal value. The trial was therefore put off, and in the mean time an act of parliament paſſed, declaring them valid, notwithſtanding the informality in their ſignature.

9. This day, about two o'clock, the roof of the centre tower, or rather the lanthorn, of Weſtminſter-abbey, was diſcovered to be on fire. The flames ſoon aſſumed a formidable appearance, riſing to a conſiderable height above the parapet. The fire was firſt perceived about a quarter paſt two o'clock. The ſcarcity of water (there being no plugs within a convenient diſtance), and the progreſs the fire had made, previouſly to its being diſcovered and to the conſequent arrival of the firemen and engines, was ſuch as, in any other inſtance, might have been of the moſt ſerious conſequence; but, in the preſent, the flames were ſo high at firſt, that no ſtream from an engine could have reached them. When, however, the engines did arrive, they were of the moſt eſſential ſervice in playing upon the choir, into which the melted lead, and burning timber, ſhowered continually with a noiſe like thunder. The interior of the abbey could be compared to nothing but a volcano, at the moſt awful period of its eruption. The ſize of the beams and the immenſe height from which they fell, and which the obſcurity occaſioned by the ſteam and ſmoke rather magnified than diminiſhed, preſented the moſt terrible and uncommon ſpectacle.

More than two hours paſſed in ſuſpenſe as to the poſſible fate of the whole building, till about five o'clock, by cutting away timber from above, and playing upon the choir below, the deſtructive element was prevented from extending itſelf, and conſiderably overcome: fortunately little or no wind was ſtirring.

The damage done is the total deſtruction of the lanthorn, and much of the timber adjoining, the communion-table,

pews, part of the choir, ſtalls, and pulpit. The organ, one of the fineſt in the kingdom, happily was not injured. We are happy in not having heard of any other accidents.

12. A melancholy accident happened, on Saturday laſt, near Portland-chapel. A lady had taken leave of her child, previous to her going out of town, and had turned it over to the care of the nurſery-maid, who inſtantly carried it up ſtairs. The child, however, eager to ſee her mamma go out, ran to the window, and before the ſervant could fly to its aſſiſtance, in reaching too far over the window-frame, fell into the ſtreet, at the moment the mother was ſtepping into her carriage. The ſcene is better imagined than deſcribed; the child was taken up lifeleſs—the mother conveyed in doors frantic.

14. Yeſterday Mr. Gray, who kept the Bell Savage Coffee-houſe, on Ludgate-hill, went out in a gig, with two children (boys); and coming home down Gray's-inn-lane, towards Holborn, the gig unfortunately came in contact with a returned chaiſe; the concuſſion was ſo great, that the poſt-boy was thrown off the bar on the pavement, and killed on the ſpot. Mr. Gray and the two children were thrown out on the oppoſite ſide: one of the children was killed on the ſpot; the other child had his arm broke, and was otherwiſe dreadfully bruiſed; and Mr. Gray himſelf was taken home ſpeechleſs, in which ſtate he ſtill remains.

15. Yeſterday a half-yearly general court of the proprietors of bank-ſtock was held at the Bank, for the purpoſe of declaring a dividend. In the courſe of doing this, it became neceſſary for the chairman of the court of directors to ſtate the loſs the company had ſuſtained by Mr. Aſtlett. The actual loſs he ſtated at about three hundred and twenty thouſand pounds; about ſeventy-eight thouſand pounds has been employed in ſources from which the directors think they will be able to recover, and they are determined to proſecute to that effect. On the part of the directors, it was ſtated that the loſs by Mr. Aſtlett would make no alteration in the dividends. That loſs amounted to nearly the entire dividends of the half year; but the affairs of the company were in ſo proſperous a ſtate they would be able to divide as uſual. The chairman then proceeded to explain, that the court of directors were not to blame for the malpractices of Mr. Aſtlett, who had ſucceeded in making away with the effects of the Bank, by interlining ſums, and by calling out falſe ſums when the property was regulated. On this ſubject a very detailed and ſatisfactory explanation was given, in which the mode of doing the buſineſs was fully deſcribed. The directors too relied on Mr. Aſtlett's character and long fidelity. Under all circumſtances, it would have required a ſupernatural power to have at firſt detected him.

18. On Wedneſday evening laſt, between eight and nine o'clock, a circumſtance happened at the Surrey ſide of Weſtminſter-bridge, which was very near being attended with fatal conſequences. A very young man, genteely dreſſed, ran with great violence to the water-ſide, flung his hat againſt the ſteps, leaped over ſeveral boats, and plunged headlong into the river. He was inſtantly followed by a beautiful young girl, dreſſed in white muſlin, who plunged in after him. The watermen were ſo aſtoniſhed with the ſuddenneſs of the affair, that they had not time to prevent either from committing this raſh act. One of the watermen, however, got out his ſculler, and with great difficulty reſcued both of them from deſtruction; after which they were prevailed on to go to their reſpective homes. The female ſaid ſhe was an unfortunate girl, and reſided near Blackfriars-road. The young man is ſuppoſed to have formed a connection with her, which led him into great diſtreſs, and to an attempt at ſuicide.

A moſt calamitous circumſtance happened on Friday noon in Queen-ſtreet, Ratcliff-highway:—A lodging-houſe, from ſome unknown cauſe, fell, with a dreadful craſh, to the ground, carrying all its unfortunate inhabitants in the general wreck along with it; men, women, and children, to the number of ſix, were ſhortly after dug out of the ruins, moſt ſhockingly bruiſed and maimed: they were taken to the London infirmary, where there are no hopes of their recovery.

BIRTHS.

June 26. At Winchester-house, Chelsea, the lady of the hon. and rev. Thomas de Grey, of a daughter.

At his house, in Bloomsbury-square, the lady of John Fowden Hindle, esq. of a daughter.

At the Rectory-house, Finchley, the lady of the rev. Ralph Worsley, of a daughter.

29. In Gloucester-place, the right hon. lady Cathcart, of a son.

At Hertford, the lady of the rev. Thomas Lloyd, of a son.

At col. Calvert's house, in Grosvenor-place, Mrs. H. Calvert, of a daughter.

30. At his house, in Hereford-street, the lady of Joseph Smith, esq. of a son.

July 2. At his house, in Manchester-square, the lady of James Lawrell, esq. of a daughter.

3. At Herdmanston, in Scotland, the right hon. lady Sinclair, of a son.

5. At Woodstock, Oxfordshire, the right hon. lady viscountess Ashbrook, of a daughter.

6. At his house, in Mansfield-street, Portland-place, the lady of Plastow Trapaud, esq. of a daughter and son.

The lady of John Smith, esq. of Finsbury-square, of a son.

7. At her house, in Baker-street, the right hon. lady Charlotte Gould, of a son and heir.

9. In Upper Grosvenor-street, the lady of the rev. W. Garnier, of a son.

At Forest-hall, Essex, the lady of the rev. T. B. Stanes, of a son and heir.

10. In Goodge-street, the lady of T. Dibdin, esq. of a daughter.

18. Mrs. Snaith, of Mansion-house-street, of a daughter.

19. At Somerset-place, lady Louisa Rodney, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

June 24. Richard Edwards, of Nanhoron, esq. lieutenant-col. of the Royal Carnarvonshire Militia, and eldest son of the late captain Timothy Edwards, of the royal navy, to miss Lloyd, only daughter of R. Lloyd, esq. of Rhosbeirio.

28. John Pepys, esq. of Upper Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, to miss Bond, eldest daughter of the late J. Bond, esq. of Mitcham, Surrey.

The rev. H. Frazer, rector of St. Martin's, Ludgate, to miss Lloyd, of Upper Kennington-place.

William Soltau, esq. merchant, to miss Wilson, daughter of J. Wilson, esq. of Stoke-Newington.

William Ward Jackson, esq. of Normanby, in Yorkshire, to miss Louisa Martin Atkins, youngest sister to Edward Martin Atkins, esq. of Kingston Lisle, Berkshire.

The rev. Edward Nares, rector of Biddenden, Kent, to miss Cordelia Adams, second daughter of Thomas Adams, esq. of Osborne-lodge, in Kent.

At St. George's church, Mr. J. Duval, to miss J. Bagnell.

30. Mr. Geo. Yeeles, of Bathford, Somerset, to miss Sarah Baddeley, of Shelton, Staffordshire.

July 4. At Lewisham church, by the rev. Mr. Hugh Jones, T. Tanner, esq. to Mrs. Warner, only daughter of capt. George Simson, late of the East-India company's service.

5. The rev. Henry John Wollaston, rector of Paston, Northamptonshire, to miss Louisa Symons, younger daughter of the late William Symons, esq. of Bury St. Edmund's, Suffolk.

6. Mr. John Gibbons, grocer, to miss Lucy Mayo, both of Bath.

7. Sir Henry Peyton, bart. of Hagbeach, Cambridgeshire, to Mrs. Bradshaw, widow of the late James Bradshaw, esq. of Portland-place.

Mr. Weldon, surgeon, of Wigmore-street, to miss Richardson, of Mortlake.

The rev. D. Fisher, D. D. of Hackney, to miss E. Toms, second daughter of the late rev. I. Toms, of Hadleigh.

Mr. James Dempster, of Baron-house, Mitcham, to Mrs. Bundoch, widow of the late John Bundoch, esq. of Mitcham.

Mr. John Imber, of Frome, aged about fourscore years, duly considering the mischievous effects which a life of celibacy produces, and having before long drank of the 'perpetual fountain of domestic sweets,' led Mrs. Hester Yeeles (whose journey through life has been nearly as long as that of her spouse) to the altar of Hymen!

10. Edw. Bayley, esq. of Wytheford, Salop, to miss Horner, of Bucklersbury.

William Doidge Taunton, esq. of the Middle Temple, to miss Henrietta Atkinson, third daughter of Henry William Atkinson, esq.

12. Mr. P. Moore, of Red-lion-square, to miss S. Lainchbury, of Ormond-street.

14. Alex. Bruce Morris, esq. of the island of Berbice, to miss Arabella Beard, of Fenchurch-street.

At Guilsborough, Northamptonshire, W. Abbott, esq. of Wimpole-street, London, to miss Ward, daughter of W. Zouch Lucas Ward, esq. of Guilsborough-hall.

18. S. Chilver, esq. of New Burlington-street, to miss Clementson, daughter of John Clementson, esq. of Copt-hall, in the county of Bedford.

Mr. Joseph Curtis, of Shoe-lane, to miss Ann Peters, daughter of the late Mr. James Peters, wine and brandy-merchant, of Holborn-hill.

19. Wm. Dickinson, esq. jun. M. P. son of William Dickinson, esq. M. P. of King-Weston, Somersetshire, to miss Smith, eldest daughter of Samuel Smith, esq. M. P. of Woodhall-park, Herts.

DEATHS.

June 22. At Prescot, in Lancashire, W. Atherton, esq. of that place, aged 61.

25. At his brother's house, at Dowham, near Berwick-upon-Tweed, Wm. Forster, esq. late major of the sixth battalion of the 60th regiment, and son of Ralph Forster, esq. of the latter place; a victim to the melancholy effects of a length of service in the West-Indies.

At his house, in Bath, the rev. William Somerville, A. M. of Dinder, Somersetshire, prebendary of Wells, rector of Somerville's Aston, and vicar of Bibury, in the county of Gloucester.

Edward Gordon, esq. of Bromley, Middlesex, aged 76.

At Hartforth, near Richmond, in Yorkshire, in the 81st year of her age, Mrs. Raine, wife of the rev. Matthew Raine, of that place, and mother of the rev. Dr. Raine, master of Charter-house school, and of Jonathan Raine, esq. M. P. barrister-at-law.

26. At his house, at Charing-cross, Mr. John Walter, upwards of forty years bookseller there.

Mr. Waugh, of Limekilns, Greenwich, aged 82.

The infant son of Robert Lambert, esq. of the royal navy, at his house in Somerset-street.

29. At his house, in Great Cumberland-place, in the 65th year of his age, William Blake, esq. of South-Carolina.

30. The infant daughter of lord George Henry Cavendish.

July 1. At Alloa, much regretted, Mr. David Flint, aged 69.

At Gibraltar, in the 23d year of his age, Mr. Charles Douglas Morrison, after a short illness.

Mr. Thomas Evans, formerly an eminent bookseller in Paternoster-row.

Lately, in the island of Corfu, Mr. Robert Cole, eldest son of Mr. Cole, of the Strand.

At Teddington, the rev. P. Mackenzie.

4. At No. 74, Guildford-street, the youngest daughter of J. Scarlett, esq. barrister-at-law.

6. After a lingering illness, at his seat of Velynydd, in the county of Brecon, captain Thomas Hughes Williams, of the 24th regiment of foot, in the 22d year of his age.

7. In Sackville-street, Dublin, sir Anthony Brabazon, bart. of New-park, county of Mayo.

At Tyrella, near Downpatrick, Mrs. Hamilton, relict of the hon. Mr. baron Hamilton.

8. At his lordship's house, in Hertford-street, the youngest daughter of lord Bruce, aged four years.

At Catisfield, Hants, vice-admiral Robert Biggs.

12. At Exeter, in an advanced age, Mr. William Jackson, organist of the cathedral of that city.

13. The rev. Samuel Harper, F. R. S. upwards of forty-seven years librarian of the British Museum, and thirty-seven years chaplain to the Foundling-hospital.

14. At his house, East-Sheen, Surrey, William Browne, esq. of Watling-street.

15. At Islington, Mrs. Ives, aged 47.

16. At his house, in Gloucester-terrace, John Bridges, esq. of an apoplexy.

17. At Sunbury, Middlesex, Roger Boehm, esq. one of the directors of the Bank of England.

At his house, in Billiter-square, Philip Morshead, esq. attorney-at-law.

At his house, at Pentonville, Mr. Ridley Surtees, ship and insurance-broker.

At his father's house, in Gray's-inn-lane, Mr. Wm. Brayley, herald-painter.

18. At her brother's house, at Brentford, miss Elizabeth Anthoney, late of Beaconsfield.